

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

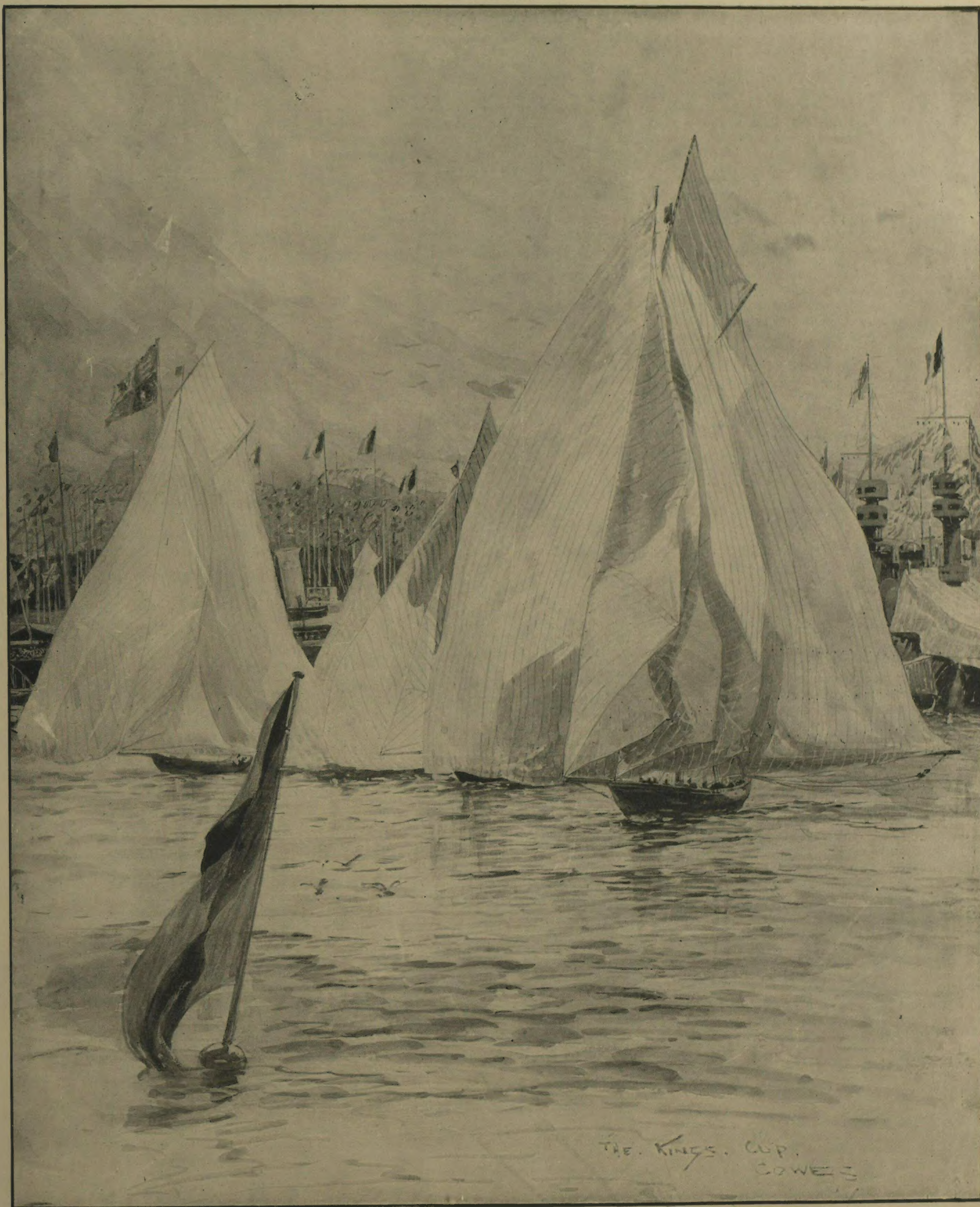
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SIXPENCE.

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BRITISH YACHT-RACING BEFORE OUR FRENCH VISITORS: THE START FOR THE KING'S CUP AT COWES.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AT COWES.

The second day of the French Fleet's visit was devoted to the racing of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Our Illustration shows the start for the King's Cup, with the German Emperor's yacht "Meteor" leading. Behind the cloud of canvas appears the King's yacht "Victoria and Albert," and on the right is the French war-ship, "Jaureguiberry," with the awning that converted her into a ball-room.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The French have won a great and bloodless victory over the "island mastiffs," as Richelieu calls us in Bulwer Lytton's play. At the beginning of the week, their Fleet appeared in the Solent, and without the smallest difficulty captured about forty of our war-ships, the Royal yacht, the King and Queen, the town of Portsmouth, dockyards and all, and the entire population, civil and military. There appears to have been no resistance; indeed, the invasion was anticipated with unprecedented manifestations of popular joy. For days all the public announcements at Portsmouth were made in French; the oldest inhabitants addressed one another in that language; and to say "beer" when you meant *bière* was voted bad form. Theatrical posters were couched in French of the purest; and many of the conquerors who patronised the play must have fancied themselves at the Porte St. Martin. Not content with their trophies, they spread themselves about the country in motor-cars, thus annexing a considerable part of the South of England. They dashed upon London and made willing captives of Gog and Magog. To crown everything, to-day they hold high festival in Westminster Hall, the very citadel of our traditions; yes, the centre and the heart of English history; and beneath that roof which is the symbol of our national growth we welcome the sons of the Republic—the other great Democracy of Europe.

"It is the striking affirmation of a lasting friendship," say the French chroniclers of this remarkable invasion. And here it appears that it is not only we who are subdued and taken prisoners. The invaders own to serious losses. They came amongst us with the fixed idea that we were a cold and phlegmatic people. We have taken that idea from them, and you may reckon this loss alone as a whole battery of newspaper artillery. One of the most charming incidents of the campaign happened in Trafalgar Square before the coming of Admiral Caillard. Seven little French boys, headed by two daring citizens of the Republic, made a raid on the Square and "held up" the Nelson Column. I am told by an eye-witness that Nelson was visibly moved, and that, although rather indistinctly observed, owing to his altitude, he was understood to signal to all the other statues within view to clear for action. The Duke of York, said my informant, responded by waving his lightning-rod in the most gallant manner. But Nelson, perceiving that the seven little French boys were most respectful, and even awe-struck, while their superior officers discoursed to them on the great English Admiral's glorious death, signalled to his squadron: "These are no enemies. I shall step down and pat them on the back!"

The Duke of York was so much agitated by this surprising turn of affairs that he got his lightning-rod all awry (as you may see for yourself if you gaze at it long enough), and King George III. nearly fell off his horse in Cockspur Street. I do not say this story is to be relied upon in every particular; but I shall not be astonished if Nelson should step down for to-day's ceremonial in Westminster Hall. His advent would not jar on the festivity, as did the Statue of the Commander on a certain merrymaking. He would make a little speech about the change that can be made in the sentiments of nations by the lapse of a hundred years. Who should know this so well as he? This is the year of his own great centenary; and the people who were his enemies in that far-off time will join with us in doing honour to his memory. He would show his appreciation of this in that little speech. He would bear witness that he, who fought the French with the most hearty animosity, cherished none of it now. He would express his regret that he had not succeeded in persuading King George III. and the Duke of York to change views also; but if he might say so without any suspicion of disloyalty, they were two very obstinate old men.

It is a misfortune that in Germany these ceremonies are observed rather sourly. A journal which is said to be the organ of the German Lutheran Church, with a subscriber in every manse, predicts the penalties we shall have to pay for satiating our lust of war. What have we done to the German Lutherans? What has inflamed their piety? It seems we cannot rest until we have destroyed the German navy; but that triumph will cost us dear, for our naval strength will be so shattered that the primacy of the seas will pass to the United States. I trust this assurance has proved itself balm in Gilead to every Lutheran manse. But what will the manses say when they hear what has happened to Heligoland? We gave up that island fifteen years ago, and took the Protectorate of Zanzibar in exchange. No sooner was the bargain struck than the island began to crumble into the sea! Since 1890 Heligoland has shrunk by three-quarters of a mile, and as only three miles remain, a simple sum in arithmetic fixes the date when this portion of the German Empire will vanish from the map. I have heard it suggested that, before leaving the island, the perfidious English

constructed an infernal mine which causes the land to subside; also that Britannia (a malicious lady with a trident) haunts the shore o' nights, and digs away at the sand to let in the waves, which are reputed to be her minions.

Heaven forbid that I should represent this as anything but a serious matter! The horrid truth is that, while Heligoland is in a decline, Zanzibar is robust and flourishing. You do not hear of the sea threatening to engulf Zanzibar. How, then, are we to persuade the inflammable Lutheran manses that we have not practised most basely on the confiding innocence of German diplomats? There are friends of peace in this country who always have a nice little plan for disarming suspicion. When they heard that the cruise of the British Fleet in the Baltic would be distasteful to many Germans, they stigmatised it as "a wanton vaunt of our strength," and a "poisoned pin-prick." We ought not to send our battle-ships to any sea where they are likely to make anybody nervous. What is the plain duty of these peacemakers in this most unfortunate affair of Heligoland? Manifestly to urge the Government and the country to give Zanzibar to Germany! What a beautiful expression of our sorrow! I wonder whether the organ of the German Lutheran Church would accept it as a proof of our good faith, or inform the manses that we had disgorged our plunder like scared bandits. No matter; there would be rejoicing in the tents of the prophets who tell us that the only way for a great nation to preserve peace is not to conduct its foreign affairs with dignity and firmness, but to grovel before all the jealous-susceptibilities even at their craziest.

The visit of the French Fleet is a salutary reminder that England and France are the greatest of the Naval Powers. To some minds, no doubt, this also is a "wanton vaunt." If these two Powers maintain their common interests, no ship-building will enable any other maritime Power to coerce them. This is so plain that it accounts for the ruffled state of certain foreign tempers. In this country it has helped to make public opinion more pacific than any of us can remember for a generation. It is so pacific that the people who delight in hunting the imaginary Jingo have some difficulty in finding the semblance of a quarry. I have heard Sir Charles Dilke, one of the ablest of our experts in military affairs, described as a Jingo for no better reason than his steadfast counsel that the Army must be organised upon a scientific basis. It is not on that basis at present; no human being, I venture to say, understands what is happening to it now; and the apathy of the public mind, visible in nothing so much as the readiness of politicians to talk on the platform about anything save the Army, is due to that pacific temper born of our security at sea.

On this theme Lord Roberts has uttered a grave warning, which is met in some quarters by the assurance that it matters little what he says, as he is a missionary of Conscription and Protection. What Protection has to do with the reorganisation of the Army, who can say? Conscription, as it is understood on the Continent, is scarcely conceivable in this island. We should resort to it only in some desperate emergency; and it is to save us from such emergency that Lord Roberts proposes the compulsory military training which would give every young man the elements of soldiery without making him a conscript. This excellent work has begun in our public schools. The National Service League has secured the support of a considerable number of headmasters, who see that the training of their boys to the use of arms is rather more important than the worship of cricket. It may not be so amusing as watching a cricket-match all day; reason the more why it should be enforced as a duty. I do not believe that it would make our people any less pacific than they are; but it would unquestionably sharpen their interest in our military system. The party politician on his platform would no longer find it convenient to dismiss the Army as an unattractive subject, except in a general anathema against the national expenditure.

The critics who see Conscription and Protection in Lord Roberts's policy are also appalled by the cost. "We cannot have both a great Navy and a great Army," they say; "the burden could not be borne." Does anybody wish for an Army of Continental magnitude? The trouble now is that, for an expenditure far greater than that of any other State, we have an Army manifestly unequal to its duties. It is idle to suggest that we should acquiesce in this for fear efficiency should cost still more. Is there any military expert who believes that for the defence of India our present forces there are adequate? Organisation on a scientific basis should give us a machine which it will be worth the politician's while to talk about, and worth the nation's while to watch with vigilant concern. But we shall never see that concern until the citizen's personal experience gives him a new interest in the British Army. He will be more disposed then than he is now to demand a scientific equivalent for military taxation.

FRENCH FLEETS AT SPITHEAD.

The visit of Vice-Admiral Caillard and the French Northern Squadron to Cowes recalls pleasantly the circumstance that there have been, previous to the present, several interchanges of courteous hospitality of a similar nature since the great war was closed in 1815. Apart from the visits of single ships, which have been by no means frequent, there have been only three occasions on which we have been able in this country to entertain the brave sailors of our near neighbours.

The first time a French squadron visited Spithead was in 1844, when, returning a visit which Queen Victoria had paid to him at his Court in Normandy, the King of the French arrived at Spithead in the paddle-frigate *Gomer*, with a small squadron of steam-vessels and his sailing yacht, the *Reine Amélie*. Steam-power had not then been long applied to the general purpose of propelling our war-ships, and the squadron assembled to receive his Majesty consisted of the line-of-battle ships *St. Vincent* and *Queen*, and a flotilla of brigs, the latter sailing out to welcome and escort the visitors into the anchorage. With Louis Philippe came the Duc de Montpensier and M. Guizot, French Minister for Foreign Affairs. The *Gomer*, a fine paddle-frigate, after receiving the customary salutes, came up into Portsmouth Harbour, where she was again saluted by the old *Victory*, before making fast alongside the pier at the Victualling Yard. Here all the officers of the port were assembled, and the King was received by Prince Albert, who had come from London by train, attended by the Duke of Wellington and the Lords of the Admiralty. It is specially noted that the King greeted the Duke of Wellington with great cordiality, taking him by both hands. The royal party left for Windsor, but a grand entertainment had been prepared in the Dockyard for the officers of the French Squadron, at which Sir Charles Rowley, the Naval Commander-in-Chief, presided. During the week that the squadron was in harbour, the officers were also entertained by the Governor of Portsmouth and by the civic authorities, a ball was given by the naval officers at the Royal Naval College, and at the theatre a masked ball, as particularly acceptable to the guests. In the meantime, the British line-of-battle ship *Caledonia* had arrived at Spithead, and the French war-ships *Inflexible* and *Belle-Poule*. On Oct. 15 this squadron, with the brigs and three French sloops which had formed the escort to the *Gomer*, were reviewed by Queen Victoria, who had arrived on the previous day, the King returning via Dover and Calais. Unfortunately the review took place in anything but suitable weather, but this circumstance revealed her Majesty as such a good sailor as to astonish the Frenchmen, who remarked that she ran up the accommodation ladder of the *Gomer* just as if she was going up the stairs of her palace.

It was in 1865 that the next visit took place, British squadrons having previously visited Brest and Cherbourg, where they were most hospitably and enthusiastically entertained. This visit took place after the war with Russia. The naval officers of both countries found many old friends, and had an opportunity for renewing acquaintances made under far different circumstances. The French squadron was commanded by Vice-Admiral Count Bouet-Williametz, with his flag in the ironclad *Solferino*; and the other vessels of the squadron were the ironclads *Magenta*, *Normandie*, *Couronne*, *Invincible*, *Gloire*, *Provence*, *Flandres*, and *Héroïne*, with three small sloops and the Imperial yacht *Reine Hortense*. The vessels at Spithead to receive the guests also included several ironclads, the *Black Prince*, *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Prince Consort*, *Research*, and *Royal Sovereign*, but the flagship was the two-decker *Edgar*, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Sidney Colpoise Dacres, and there was also in the Channel Fleet the fine forty-gun frigate *Liverpool*, Captain Rowley Lambert. The magnificent appearance of the French vessels made a great impression, but the course of events demonstrated that these wooden ships plated with iron were not so lasting as the iron vessels we had placed in line.

On the day of arrival a banquet was given to the French officers on board the *Duke of Wellington*, then flying the flag of Sir Michael Seymour, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth; and in addition to the French officers, M. Chasseloup-Lebas, the French Minister of Marine, and M. Dupuy de Lome, the Chief Constructor of the French Navy, were present. Visits to the Dockyard and other naval establishments, banquets, a ball, and entertainments to the seamen followed, and a feature of this visit was the illumination of the Fleet, the English vessels being lighted up along the ports, gun-wales, yardarms, and trucks with reproductions of the French flag—blue, white, and red—blue lights on the foremast, white lights on the mainmast, and red lights on the mizzen. It is said that the midshipmen in charge of the cross-trees, as was then the custom, went themselves to the trucks to let off the fireworks.

The third visit will be in the minds of most of the readers of *The Illustrated London News*. It took place in August 1891, the year of the great Naval

Exhibition at Chelsea, to which place many of the officers of the visiting ships were conducted. Rear-Admiral Gervais was in command of the squadron, which consisted of the *Marengo*, *Marceau*, *Requin*, and *Furieux*, battle-ships, the *Surcouf*, cruiser, and two dispatch-vessels, the *Lance* and the *Elan*, the latter being specially allotted to the service of M. Waddington, the French Ambassador in London. The *Marceau* was at that time the finest and most powerful ship in the French Navy, and attracted considerable attention from our officers and naval architects. In Portsmouth at that time the *Royal Sovereign* was completed, but the latest completed ship at Spithead was the *Nile*, the other battle-ships being the *Camperdown*, *Anson*, *Rodny*, and *Howe*, with the armoured cruisers *Immortalité* and *Aurora*. There was also present the training-squadron, consisting of the *Active*, *Ruby*, *Volage*, and *Calypsa*, with some smaller vessels. A new programme was arranged on this occasion, for, although the British ships were at anchor at Spithead, the French squadron was taken to Osborne Bay, and at Osborne Rear-Admiral Gervais and the principal officers were received by Queen Victoria. The next day Admiral Gervais took his ships to Spithead, and there the two fleets were reviewed by her Majesty. At the conclusion of the review the yacht anchored between the two lines of vessels, and both French and English officers were summoned on board the *Victoria* and *Albert*, when the Queen expressed to Admiral Gervais her great pleasure in seeing such a fine French squadron in the waters of her dominions. A number of entertainments followed, banquets and balls being given by the Duke of Connaught (then the Governor of Portsmouth), the Admiralty, and the civic authorities; but the principal item was a visit to Portsmouth Dockyard, organised by Admiral Fisher, the French officers acknowledging their astonishment and pleasure at being permitted to see everything there was to see, including the new 6-inch quick-firing gun then just introduced into the British Navy, in our premier naval establishment.

PARLIAMENT.

The closing days of the Session have been marked by a determined effort on the Unionist side not to be caught napping, as in the famous division which left the Government in a minority of 3. For the Bank Holiday sitting, Sir A. Acland Hood issued a Whip, the like of which had never been seen in the last week of the Session. He also wrote a letter to Mr. Brodrick, begging him to cancel an engagement in the country for that day.

These precautions, and the warnings in the largest type in Unionist papers that a plot was afoot to upset the Government, brought the Ministerial forces up to the mark, and kept them there far into the morning hours. The Unemployed Bill, which both parties agreed to pass, was read a third time in the nearest Parliamentary approach to a twinkling. On the Naval Works Bill there was the usual voluminous outpouring.

Mr. Healy wanted to know why any money should be spent on the fortifications of Gibraltar, seeing that we were on friendly terms with the King of Spain. This is the business-like discussion which some M.P.s enjoy in the small hours.

In the House of Lords there was a strong complaint by Lord James of Hereford against the way the Lords were treated by the Government. They had sent sixteen Bills to the House of Commons. What had become of those Bills? And now their Lordships were kept waiting for measures from the Commons which they would not have time properly to discuss. Lord Lansdowne admitted that it was a very serious matter; but look at the waste of time in another place!

THE MOROCCAN REFORMS.

To the Viziers, it would seem, is due the present crisis in Moroccan affairs. These crafty gentlemen intend to use the proposed programme of reform for their own ends; and when the terms are laid before them they will stir up the people against them. At the same time they will profess their entire concurrence with the scheme, but they will allege that the attitude of the populace prevents them from accepting it. They are busy arousing anti-European feelings, with the view probably of forcing the Legations to leave Fez. Such being the case, if the representatives of foreign Powers at the coming conference are in the least degree disunited, which is, of course, highly probable, it is quite unlikely that they will effect anything. The Sultan has gone back to his bicycles, his motor-cars, and his other scientific toys. For the moment Germany holds the whip hand of this irresponsible young man; but the Kaiser's Government will do well to remember that, as soon as the Sultan and his Ministers see fit, the Teutonic ascendancy will come to a sudden end without any remembrance of past favours, real or supposed.

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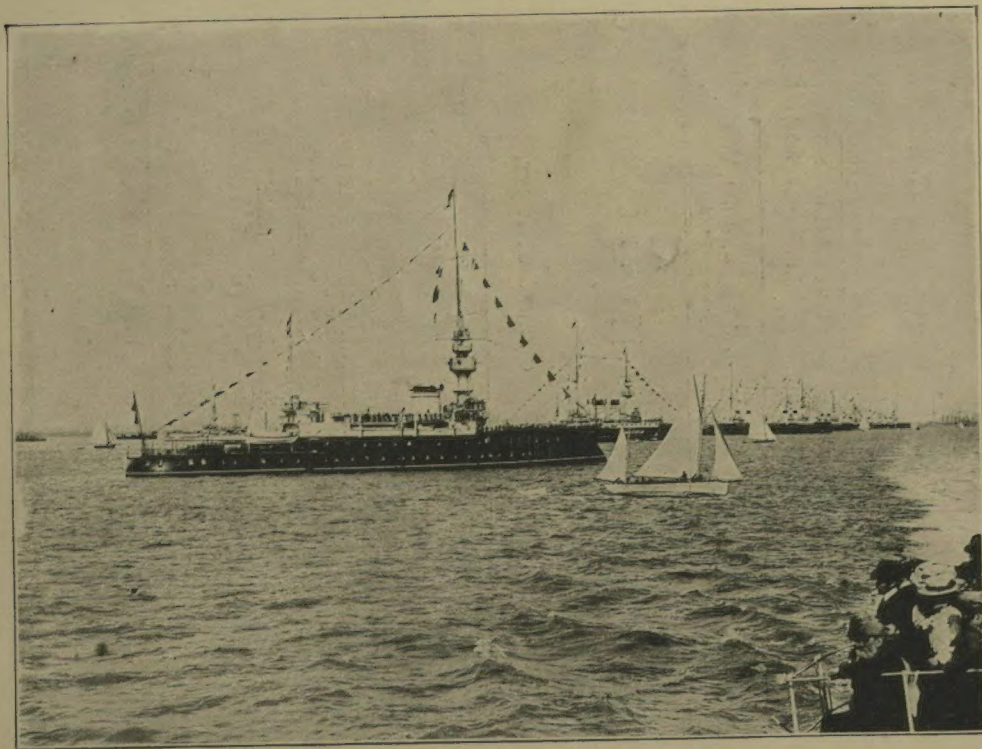
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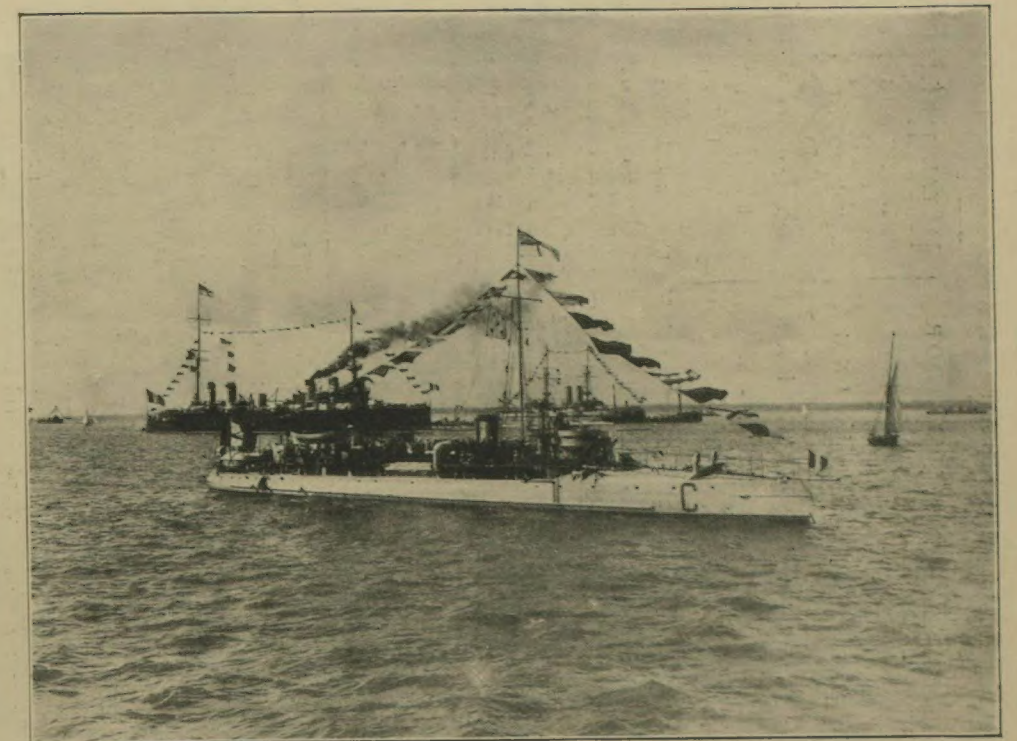
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THE FRENCH BATTLE-SHIPS MANNED AND DRESSED DURING THE KING'S VISIT TO ADMIRAL CAILLARD ON BOARD THE "MASSÉNA."



A DISTANT VIEW OF THE FRENCH FLEET FROM ITS OWN FLAG-SHIP.



ONE OF THE SMARTEST OF OUR VISITORS' CRAFT: A FRENCH TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.



THE "MASSÉNA" MANNED AND SALUTING THE KING.



THE BRITISH ADMIRAL VISITS THE FRENCH FLAG-SHIP: ADMIRAL WILSON GOING ON BOARD THE "MASSÉNA."

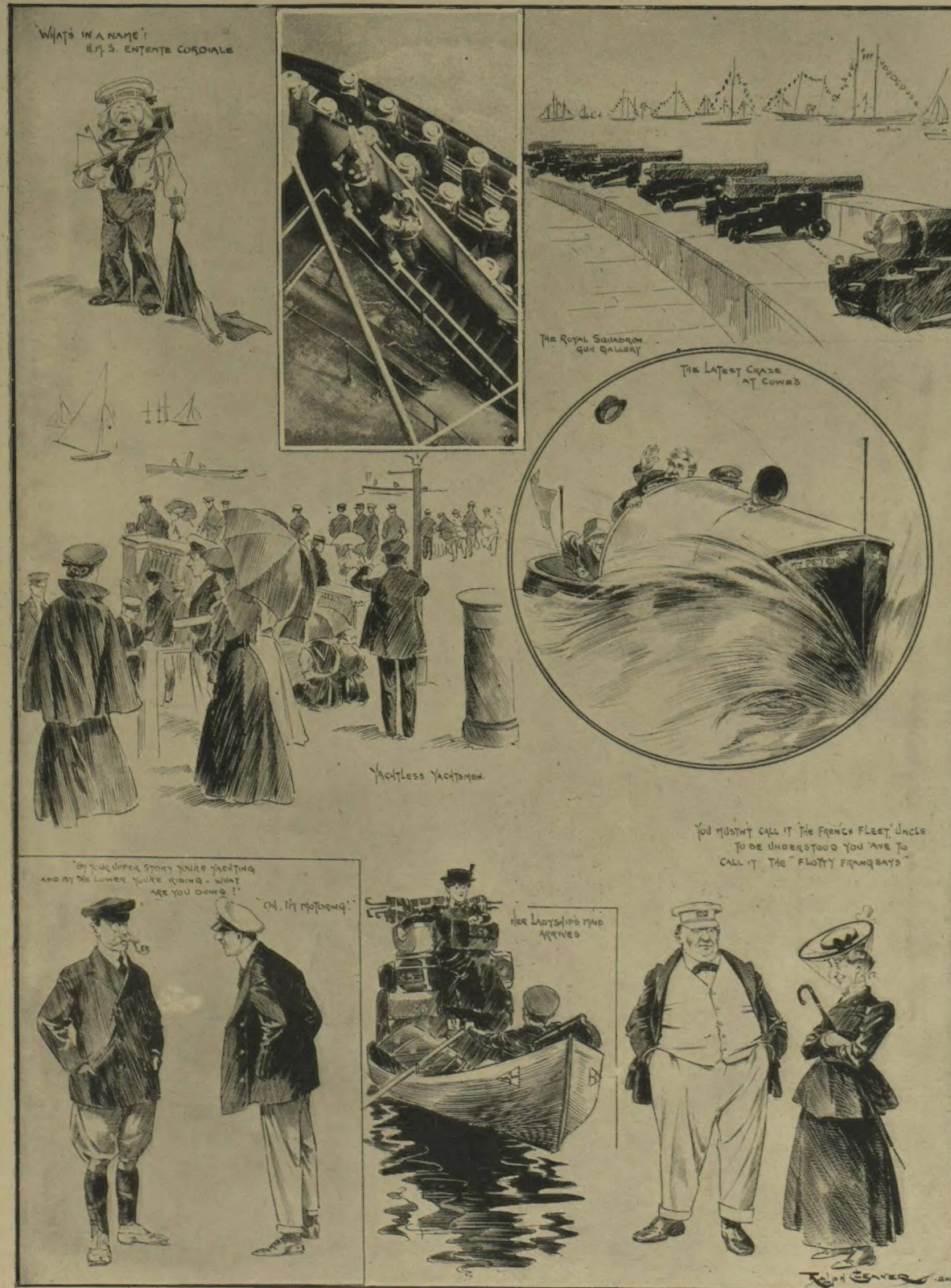


THE FRENCH AND BRITISH AMBASSADORS GOING ON BOARD THE "MASSÉNA."

From these photographs it is possible to obtain an excellent idea of the formidable appearance that the French battle-ships present in the water. Their build is much heavier than ours, and Campbell's epithet, "Leviathans afloat," is particularly applicable to them; far more so, indeed, than it was to the old three-deckers. The visiting torpedo-boats are painted white, and are extremely smart-looking craft.

THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" AT SPITHEAD: INCIDENTS OF THE FRENCH FLEET'S VISIT.

THE KING AND ADMIRAL CAILLARD LEAVING THE "MASSÉNA."



COWES AND THE FRENCH FLEET'S VISIT: SIDELIGHTS ON THE FESTIVITIES.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COWES; PHOTOGRAPH BY CRIBB.

The most important of the first day's ceremonies was King Edward's visit to the French Admiral on board his flag-ship, the "Masséna." The King proceeded from the royal yacht to the French vessel on board his barge, which was manned by rowers who did not row. The barge was towed by a steam-pinnace, and the sailors sat on the thwarts of the barge with their hands folded on their knees.



THE KING ON HIS WAY TO CALL ON ADMIRAL CAILLARD ON BOARD THE "MASSÉNA."

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE SOLENT.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE FRENCH FLEET'S VISIT.

It seemed, during the early hours of Aug. 7, as though Britain were about to offer her French visitors a welcome that would have been, in point of weather, characteristically British. The Isle of Wight was shrouded in fog, and the thousands of visitors who had crowded to Portsmouth and Southsea for the opening festivities had resigned themselves to a miserable day; but, as the hour for the appearance of the visiting squadron drew near, the sun began to fight a winning battle. A wind sprang up, dispersing the mists, and by the time the supreme moment had arrived the Clerk of the Weather had done everything in his power to help a really brilliant spectacle. Opposite Cowes lay the King's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, and in long lines stretching towards the eastward lay the welcoming British Fleet. The French Admiral had crossed the Channel during the night, and daybreak had found him anchored off the Isle of Wight, ready to enter the Solent. Close upon half-past eleven, the smoke of the approaching squadron appeared in the offing, and, as Admiral Caillard's vessels approached the Nab light-ship, a pilot and interpreter went on board each, and the procession then moved towards Cowes in imposing order. Led by the flagship *Masséna*, the French squadron came up to its moorings. The vessels, meanwhile, manned and dressed ship, and a royal salute was fired. As the French vessels wreathed themselves in smoke, the guns of the British ships and forts returned the courtesy in kind. From the *Victoria and Albert* the King and Queen viewed the splendid and significant spectacle. In the afternoon the first official visit of the whole series of festivities was paid by Admiral Caillard and his principal officers, who proceeded to the *Victoria and Albert*, and were received by the King on his Majesty's own quarter-deck. The next ceremony was the visit of Admiral Wilson, commanding the Channel Fleet, to Admiral Caillard on board the *Masséna*. An hour later the King left his yacht to call upon the French Commander-in-Chief. His Majesty went to the *Masséna* on board his barge, which was towed by a steam-pinnace, the rowers remaining on the thwarts with their hands folded. On coming on board the *Masséna*, the King complimented the Admiral on the fine appearance of his fleet, and while he remained the guest of France, his Majesty was seen pointing out notable features of the surroundings. Next there was an interchange of courtesies between the visitors and the Admiralty officials. At night the fleets were illuminated, and the French officers, as well as the principal commanders of the British fleet, dined with the King on board the royal yacht. At the banquet his Majesty, addressing the French Ambassador, informed his Excellency of the pleasure he had in receiving Admiral Caillard and his fine Northern Squadron. He recalled the magnificent reception recently accorded to the English Fleet at Brest, and trusted that the good feeling between the two nations would be emphasised and strengthened by the present visit. In conclusion his Majesty drank to the health of the President of the French Republic and wished prosperity to the French Navy. The French Ambassador and Admiral Caillard replied, the latter assuring the King that the remembrance of the two meetings would always be cherished by the French nation. The second day was set apart, by the King's command, for the French officers to witness the races of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The event of the day was the contest for his Majesty's Cup, and the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Victoria were out on the yacht *Britannia*. The Marquis of

Ormonde entertained many of the French officers at lunch in the Club House of the Royal Yacht Squadron. In the afternoon Lady Gort gave a garden-party at East Cowes, and on the way there many of the visitors were shown over the Naval College at Osborne. In the evening the fleets were again illuminated.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

On Aug. 5, at Oyster Bay, Mr. Roosevelt entertained the Peace Plenipotentiaries at lunch. The President stage-managed the meeting of the envoys rather neatly. He received both sides separately on board the *Mayflower*, and while he was talking with the Russian representatives in the saloon, the President suddenly threw open the door of the next cabin, called in the Japanese,



Photo. Gibson.

THE AUGUST GALE: THE WRECK OF THE BARQUE "NOISIOI" NEAR PENZANCE.

During the sudden gale of August 4, the British iron-built barque "Noisiol" went ashore at Praa Cove, Mount's Bay, Penzance. Two of the crew were drowned, two were saved by the rocket apparatus, and the rest swam ashore. The captain was the owner of the vessel, and the voyage was his first on her.



THE WINNER OF A MILLION FRANCS IN A FRENCH LOTTERY: MADAME HOFER, CANTINIÈRE TO THE 28TH DRAGOONS.

The first drawing of the lottery authorised by the French Press Associations took place last week, when a million francs were won by Madame Hofer, cantinière to the 28th Dragoons at Sedan. Madame Hofer is thirty-eight years old, and a widow of a year. Her first use of her new wealth was to entertain the regiment.

arrival was somewhat delayed by the stormy weather. M. Witte, who is not fond of the sea, landed at Boston and went on to Portsmouth by rail.

A UNIVERSAL PENNY POST.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, who has done so much for the cheapening of postal communication, urges the formation of a League to make the penny post universal. It is, as he says, absurd to charge twopence-halfpenny for a letter to Calais, or to New York, when a letter to Canada can pass through New York for a penny. These are the incongruities that strike the eye, and are just as apparent to our Post Office as they are to the reformer. But the carriage of mails is a question of expense, and the Post Office may be expected to hold for some time yet that at a penny the universal service would not pay. Besides, this is a point that affects the Budgets of several nations besides our own. If any Post-Office is more tenacious of its revenue than ours, we should like to know its name, and present it with our humble compliments.

THE SCANDINAVIAN CRISIS.

Once again King Oscar, oppressed by the affairs of State and particularly by the recent crisis, has temporarily handed over the reins of government to the Crown Prince. His Majesty intends to seek rest on board his yacht. The King formally announced his intention in a Proclamation in which he said that he could not sufficiently make known his appreciation of the many eloquent proofs of affection and sympathy which have reached him from all sides. They had been a valuable consolation to him in the loss he had suffered in the defection of a people whom he had desired to unite in a brotherly love to his Swedish people.

ESPERANTO.

The Esperantists have held a Congress at Boulogne, and the partisans of Volapuk must be feeling rather lonely. There can be no doubt that Esperanto has made considerable progress in every country except our own. We are not partial to old-fangled languages, and a new-fangled lingo is sure to find us languid. However, there were English Esperantists at the Congress, and some of them took part in one of Molière's comedies, done into Esperanto, and acted by English, French, Germans, Italians, Russians, Swedes, Belgians, and Norwegians. That French people should consent to speak Molière in a tongue which he would have denounced as a barbarous jargon says a good deal for the influence of Esperanto and the magnetism of its inventor, Dr. Zamenhof.

THE PARTITION OF BENGAL.

Bengal is terribly perturbed at the proposed division of the Presidency into two provinces, and a great agitation has been held in Calcutta. Largely attended meetings have been held at various centres, and the decision of the Government to divide the province for administrative purposes was stigmatised as a grave blunder, and the authorities were invited to reconsider their action. A resolution to boycott British manufactures was passed, and one of the local papers has characterised the proposal as a cynical essay in statesmanship. All classes of the community have taken part in the protest against what they consider a blow to their patriotism. The Maharajah of Cossimbazar, chairman of the principal meeting, declared that the partition is a political blunder of the gravest magnitude.

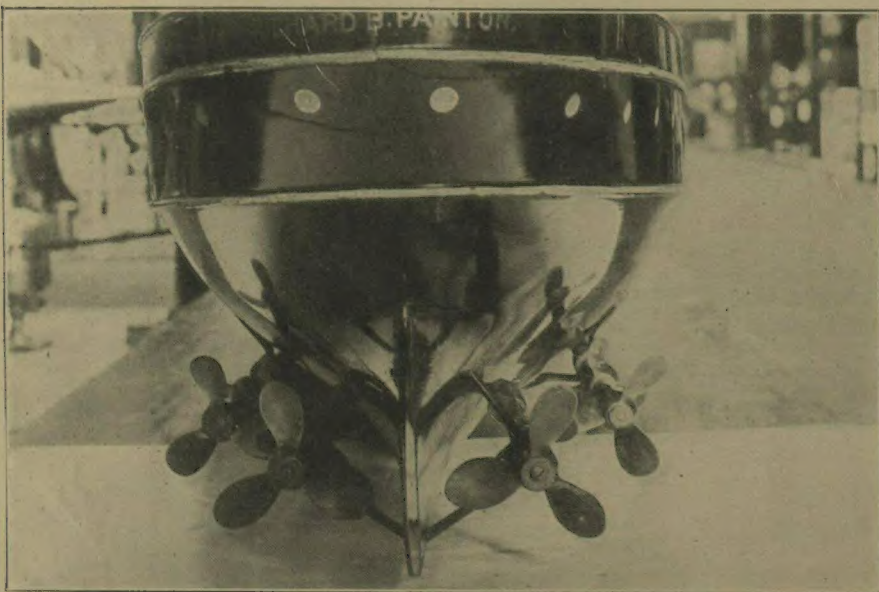


Photo. Park.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN THREE DAYS: THE MANY SCREWS OF A PROPOSED NEW VESSEL.

A model of this vessel, the invention of Mr. R. Panton, was recently exhibited at Earl's Court. By multiplying the screws, the inventor hopes to obtain a speed that would carry his ship across the Atlantic in three days.

and introduced them to the Russians. Formal courtesies were exchanged, and before any awkwardness could arise the President brought the company in to lunch. At the end of the meal the President gave a toast, which he asked the company to drink in silence, standing—the welfare and prosperity of the sovereigns and peoples of the two great nations whose representatives had met on board the *Mayflower*. In the interests of civilised mankind the President wished that they might conclude a just and lasting peace. The President soon after went ashore amid a salute of twenty-one guns, and the Japanese embarked on the naval yacht *Dolphin*, which was to convey them to Portsmouth; the Russians, with the exception of M. Witte, making the voyage in the *Mayflower*. The delegates'

UNDER THE TRICOLOUR: THE KING ON THE FRENCH FLAG-SHIP.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY S. HEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE SOLENT.



THE KING AND THE FRENCH ADMIRAL ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "MASSÉNA."

With the King were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. The King and the Prince were in Admiral's uniform, the Duke of Connaught in a Trinity House uniform, so that for once the Inspector-General of the Forces was more or less a sailor. The party stood grouped round a quick-firing gun, and his Majesty pointed out to Admiral Caillard places of interest on shore.

A FLEET IN LINES OF LIGHT: THE ILLUMINATIONS DURING THE FESTIVITIES AT SPITHEAD.

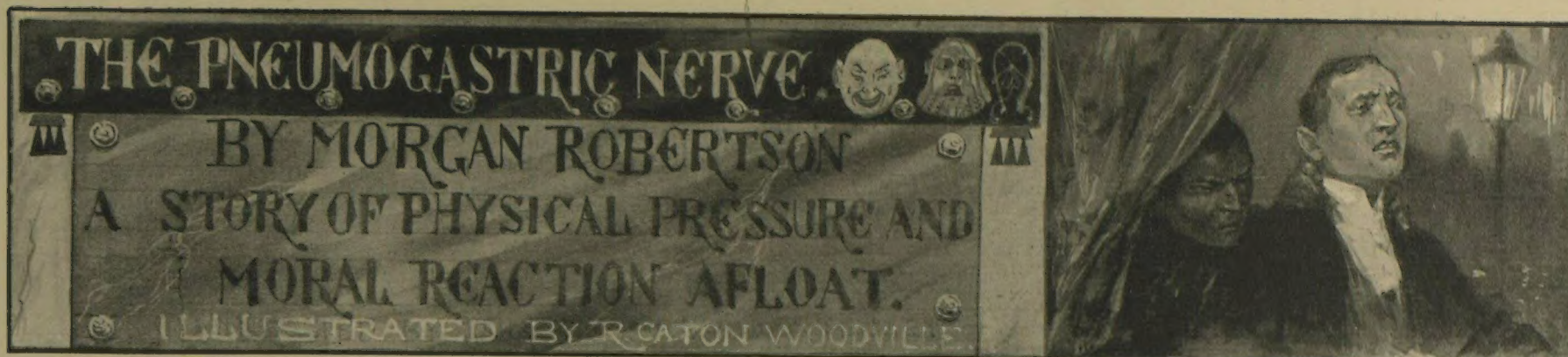
DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE SOLENT.



King's Yacht

THE FRENCH FLEET AND THE KING'S YACHT ILLUMINATED ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 7.

The King's yacht was picked out in golden and rose-coloured lights, and the general scheme of the illumination of all the war-vessels was arranged in red, white, and blue. The rockets here shown do not belong to the great official display, as it was not begun until all the ships were in darkness. They are some that came at the end of a previous display, and were sent up just at the moment of the illumination of the fleet.



III.—(Continued.)

"I did nothin' to any o' them, Sorr. One o' them dragged me out o' th' fore-castle, and waz chokin' me when he fell down. The other come for me, and fell over me. It wuzen't my fault."

"What in thunder do you want?" Beresford had offered the captain his slip of paper, which he accepted and read aloud as follows—

"I am George Beresford, the owner of the ship, shanghai'd and made dumb by the Japanese you are punishing. Turn the ship back and land me."

"Well, I'll be dashed!" said the captain, as his eyes ran up and down Beresford's ragged physique. "What lunatic are you?"

Beresford's face was one that needed the embellishment of good clothing to bring out its natural intelligence and refinement; and it was now distorted with emotion and the pain in his throat, as well as grimy with dirt. He looked every inch the victim of poverty, ignorance, and drink; and his handwriting, none too good at its best, was not improved by writing with a stub pencil against the side of the forward house.

"That's a lie, captain!" said the Jap. "How cud I shanghai him? I'm shanghai'd meself. I wuz Glasgow Mike's cook, an' he had a grudge agin' me."

"Can you cook?" inquired the captain, ignoring Beresford for the moment.

"Yes, Sorr. I've been steward deep water; but I got a job ashore with Mike."

"I've got to keep you in irons," said the captain thoughtfully, "where you can't hurt my two precious mates, or else make use of you. The steward's no good for a month. Will you keep your hands off people and take care of my cabin if I unlock you?"

"Yes, Sorr. I'd rather be aft than 'fore the mast."

"We—wait—!" The steward, with his jaw bound up, had appeared at the door. "Here, steward, is this the man that broke your jaw?" He pointed at the Jap, but the steward, mumbling incoherently—nearly as dumb as was Beresford—advanced slowly, as though every movement was pain to him, and pointing with left forefinger at his bandaged face, pointed with the other at Beresford, but did not get too close to him.

"Oh—ho!" said the captain. "You're the man, hey? Well, inasmuch as I can't make any use of a dumb lunatic, into irons you go."

Before Beresford could get away he had seized him by the collar. Then, fishing a key from his pocket, he removed the bloody irons from the wrists of the Jap—who smiled sweetly, though his eyes still sparkled—and clapped them on to the wrists of his captive. Beresford could not speak, nor utter a sound; he could not escape nor resist that powerful giant, and at the end of his long arm he was marched up the poop steps, aft and up another pair to the top of the house. Here the captain bent the end of a rope to the shackle of the irons, then, pulling on the other part, lifted him off his feet; and Beresford knew the sensations of being "triced up."

But it did not last long—not long enough to reduce him to unconsciousness. The ship still rolled before the heavy, following sea that had swung the Jap from rigging to rigging, but not so much; and though Beresford went six feet to starboard and port, and struck the mast occasionally in transit, and though the muscles of his arms and shoulders felt toward the last as though they were being torn from his body, yet his suffering was not great enough to make him cry out even had he been articulate; and the irons did not cut quite through the skin of his wrists.

The dumb misery of the captive's face must, however, have appealed to the captain when that officer

came up, picking his teeth, after breakfast. He lowered Beresford, cast off the rope, and, leaving the irons on, secured him in the lazaret—the 'tween-deck store-room just abaft the cabin trunk. Here Beresford reclined on new canvas and rope, easing the strain on his aching muscles, and busy with unspeakable thoughts, until noon, when the half-breed Jap, spick-and-span in new slops and a long white apron, brought him his dinner. It was boiled salt beef, peasoup, potatoes, and bread, with a pannikin of water.

"Ye're not gettin' the full whack, 'cause yer in irons," said the new steward. "How d'ye like it, Mr. Beresford?"

Beresford's eyes opened wide.

"Oh, I'm on to ye; and if ye hadn't ha' made that break I wudden't ha' t'run ye down—see? But I had troubles o' me own, without ownin' up to shanghai'n the owner."

Beresford worked his fingers on his knees, imitating

I'll give ye States' evidence all right, when ye land Mike in court; but it's no good now."

Beresford wrote: "You made me dumb. Can you cure me?"

"Made ye dumb!" read the Jap thoughtfully. "Yes, but it's better than what the mate got, or what the skipper will get"—his eyes blazed with sudden fury, then, deadened to their dull glitter—"but ye'll be able to talk after a while, Mr. Beresford. It's the pneumogastric nerve, and ye can't tell how it'll hit ye. The mate got it worse than you, though I only had him a second or so. He can't swallow, nor talk, and he can hardly breathe."

"And the second mate?" scribbled Beresford, his interest aroused by the strange creature's admissions.

"That mutt?" said the Jap scornfully. "His skull's cracked. I give 'im de shoinage. I t'run 'im over me head."

Then he deftly twisted the pencil from Beresford's fingers, and, rolling the piece of paper into a ball, took his departure. And Beresford, trying to eat his dinner, and trying to remember what Dr. Benson had said about Jiu-Jitsu and the pneumogastric nerve, must needs fail in both, and content himself with the comfort contained in the promise that he would ultimately recover his speech.

In the afternoon the captain dropped his huge bulk down the hatch and released him, though leaving the irons on his wrists. "Come on, here," he said, as he hoisted himself through the hatch. "Come and get your exercise. Under the law I've got to stand watch, navigate, nurse, and turn you to grass!" Beresford followed him up the hatch. "Get down on the main deck!" continued the captain, giving him a shove along the alley; "there with the other stiffs. Don't hurt 'em. I'm too tired and sleepy to take care of them."

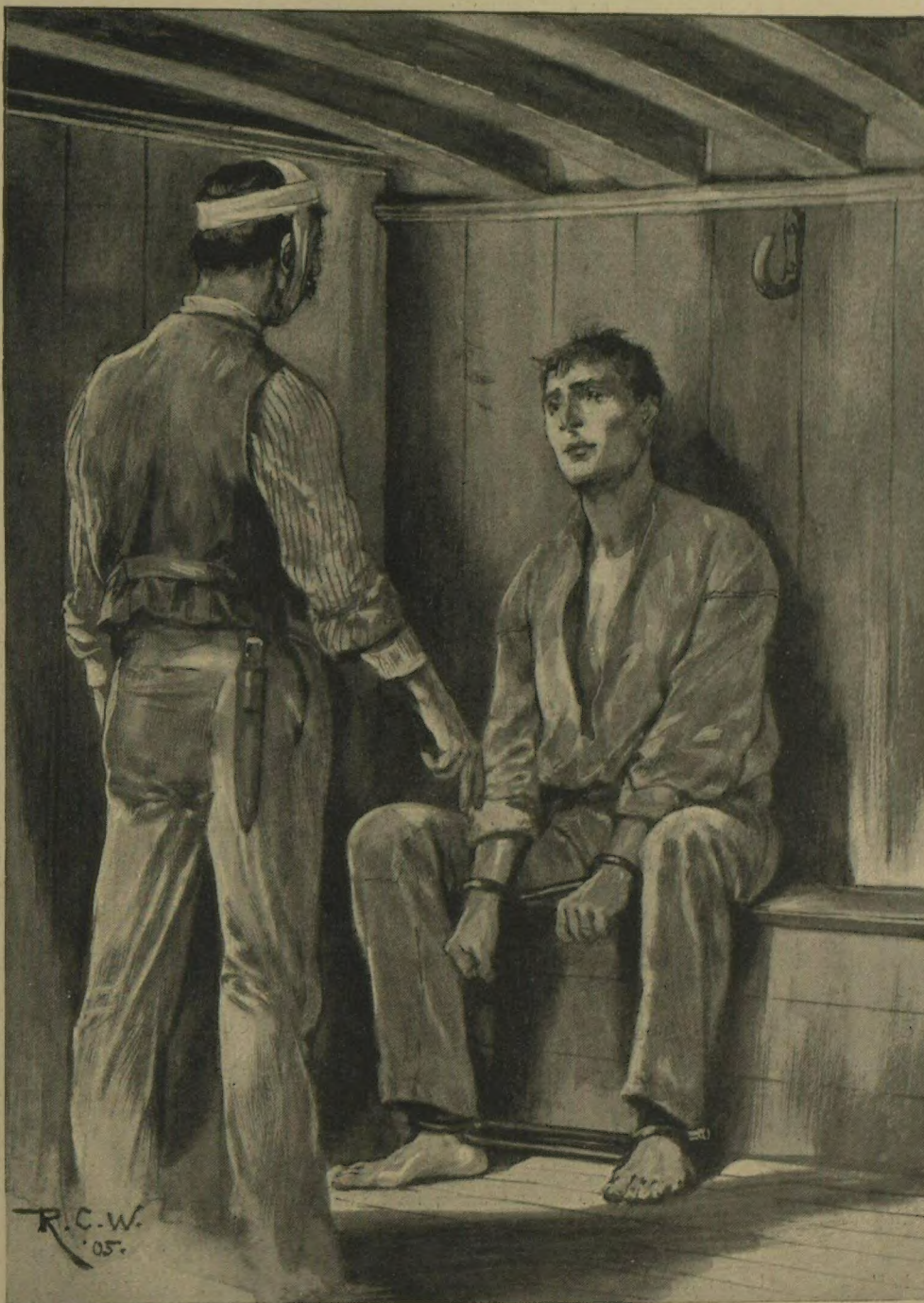
He drove Beresford, grimacing and gesticulating, down to the main deck, where, sitting erect on a stool in a sunny spot, was the big first mate, with utter agony in his face and eyes, breathing spasmodically—about twice a minute. The second mate lay on a cot, with head bandaged, eyes closed, and face the colour of a dead man's. But he was breathing regularly. The steward was there, on his feet, moving around among them, and mumbling incoherently—his broken jaw firmly encased in plaster. He looked darkly at Beresford as he passed.

The captain led the end of a royal buntline twice around Beresford's waist, tied a hitch and belayed the bight, giving him about ten feet of slack.

"There, now," he growled as he turned away. "Walk up and down. Don't play rough. Speak kindly to your playmates—the pack o' lookin'-glass scrappers. Nice mates I've got! If it wasn't for the owner, I'd turn back and drop the whole bunch o' you on Fire Island!"

Beresford, abducted, robbed of speech and identity, and shocked almost out of his individuality by the harshness of his new environment, was now amenable to any suggestion, and he began walking up and down, forward and aft, to the full length of his tether, even

obeying the other suggestion to "speak kindly" to the extent of looking kindly on the other three wrecks. But the steward was not a mind-reader, nor so amenable to suggestion, and, though he joined Beresford in walking the deck, he was influenced by his own unforgiving thought, which, at a moment when the captain was facing the other way on the poop, found its expression in as vicious a kick at Beresford as he could launch without jarring his broken jaw too painfully. Beresford dodged, walked forward, and waited, wondering in a dazed manner just what was required of him, while the steward moved aimlessly around the deck, and the



"Mr. Boyd orders me to unlock you, Sir."

the motion of writing. And, as though the Jap had anticipated the request, he—first peeping up through the hatch—produced a pencil and piece of paper. Beresford took it and wrote—

"If you know me, state your knowledge to the captain."

"Not much I won't," said the Jap when he had read it. "D'ye think I want to take yer place?"

"I will reward you richly," wrote Beresford, "if you will prove my identity. I own this ship."

"An' that's why I wudden't trust ye," said the Jap. "Yer a shipowner. How'd it be if the skipper'd believed ye on deck last night? No, Mr. Beresford."

captain paced the poop. As he turned he saw Beresford standing still—and the ethics of the sea require that sailors in irons be exercised.

"Walk up and down, there," he roared, "or I'll put you back in the barn! What are y' out here for, anyhow?"

Beresford resumed his walk. "Faster!" bawled the captain, and he increased his speed. "Faster, faster!" came the thundering tones. "Trot, you infernal son of a shipowner!"

Beresford's heart bounded at the epithet, so often in the speech of seamen, but the momentary hope aroused by it dwindled, and he trotted up and down, dragging his rope along the deck, getting the exercise that he really needed to arouse him, but conscious mainly of suppressed and derisive laughter from some of the men at work in the rigging, and of the darkling looks of the steward. This stricken man strolled around, and at another favourable moment caught Beresford on the turn with a kick that was not dodged. Beresford gripped his ankle with both manacled hands and threw him to the deck; then began gathering him in, hand over hand, inch by inch; and when he had him by the collar he applied the strength that had not abated, and the fury born of his wrongs, tempered only by the sense of pain in his throat. Though he spared that fractured jaw, he pummelled and kicked every other part of the steward's body, thrashing him around at arm's length—literally wiping the deck with him, while his own frantic grimacing and the steward's inarticulate moaning aroused peals of laughter from the men. Then came another roar from the poop, and the captain bounded down the steps. In a moment he had Beresford by the collar, and the performance was repeated.

"Well—dash you!" said the captain at last, panting from his exertions, and with his bristling moustache sticking straight out from his angry upper lip. "Are you anxious to kill this man? Back to the lazaret for you—and here, you—you, steward. What's your name?"

"Matsumu, Sorr," said the Jap, passing with a basket of dishes.

"Feed this man—this bloody-minded murderer—bread and water from this on, with the full ration every five days. That's according to the new fool law. No more exercise! Come on."

While the suffering steward sat up and looked after him, the equally dumb and suffering Beresford was dragged aft and again immured in his prison. But he did not regret the experience. As he lay there, aching in every joint and bone, the rage and hate within him found expression in a hoarse, formless whisper that had neither beginning, nor end, nor volume—that was neither a prayer nor a curse, but which calmed and comforted him. Exercise was good for him; his speech was returning.

IV.

But bread and water were *not* good for him—except in the way of experience—and though he flexed his muscles continuously, which in the limited space was the only form of exercise possible—yet two of the five-day periods had passed before he could articulate in a whisper. After each of the "full ration" days there was a marked improvement, but the succeeding bread and water barely kept him alive. He saw no more of the Jap—his meals were brought by a dull, thick-witted German boy who could hardly speak English. He tried none of his growing vocal powers upon this boy, and did not regret the absence of the Jap, for there had come to him a conviction of the utter hopelessness of any sympathy or help from that quarter, and the futility of any appeal in writing to the captain. He would wait until he could speak—until his personality was complete.

The hatch was left off to give him ventilation, and he could see and hear a little of what was going on above. He made out the growing huskiness and peevishness in the captain's voice as he yelled his orders to the crew, or complained to himself of the responsibility of his position—at sea with both mates incapacitated. Occasionally there was evidence of liquor in the tones; the captain was keeping up on stimulants. Beresford learned to recognise the voices of the men as they took the wheel and answered the course; but one calm night, when his thick-witted attendant was at the wheel, he heard new voices above.

They were low-pitched and somewhat tremulous, but he soon recognised the speakers.

"Is—he—asleep?" asked one, enunciating his words slowly—almost as slowly as Beresford's limited speech.

"Tryin' to," said the other. "But he's been so long without it that he can't sleep. Nervous-like. Been that way myself."

"Stuck—on—that—little—devil—he's—made—steward. How—he—did—it—I can't—make out. All the—life went—out o' me—at once."

"And he sent me through the air like a football. He's strong as a horse."

"Not—stronger—than me." There was a grim note in the halting words. "I'll send—him—through—the—air some—night—over the—rail. Wait—till I—turn—to again."

"If you don't, I will!"

"Not—so loud. Who's—got the—wheel?"

"It's all right. Weiss—he can't talk Dutch; let alone English. How long'll the skipper keep that lunatic in irons?"

"All the—passage. He's—afraid—of him."

A lumbering footstep sounded on the companion stairs, then the captain's voice rumbled out on the night. "You might as well get off the deck, the pair o' you! I can't sleep. I'll never get to sleep any more. Go below; I'll watch her."

The two mates answered respectfully, and departed along the alley by the side of the cabin. Beresford rolled over to enjoy the sleep that had been interrupted, but could not succeed. The kicking of the rudder-head annoyed him, and the heavy footfalls and wheezing, grumbling tones of the captain jarred on his nerves and kept him awake. It seemed that insomnia was in the

air, for at about three in the morning he heard other footfalls coming aft in the alley, and the captain's rough voice saying—"Well, what's the matter with you?"

"I can't slape, Sorr," said the Jap, his brogue sounding richer than usual. "I thought I'd come up for a brith of air, Sorr, and to ask ye can I make a slape-machine o' me own invintion out o' the stuff in the lazaret?"

"You got it, too? Go ahead. You're the only man aboard worth a tinker's dam. Keep yourself in shape. But what's a sleep-machine?"

"Just a little contrivance, Sorr, to stop the flow of blood to the brain—a spring wi' pads to compress the carotid artery."

"Where'd you learn about these things?"

"I was educated in Tokio College, Sorr, before I went to hell. Me father was a contractor, me mother a Japanese woman."

"Go ahead and make your machine."

"Thank ye, Sorr. I will to-morrow. I'll stick it out to-night."

"Go, take a drink," said the captain with a little of impatience in the tone. "It used to put me to sleep."

"But there's very little left, Sorr. I didn't like to touch it."

"Do as you like. Let me alone."

The Jap softly crept away, and Beresford went to sleep.

At about ten in the morning Matsumu dropped down from the hatch, and, paying no present attention to Beresford, rummaged among the spare stores until he secured what he wanted—an old, rusty saw-blade.

"Ah, ha!" he muttered, as he inspected it. "I think that will do. I'll cut it wi' the carpenter's shears, and temper it in the galley fire." Then he noticed Beresford watching him, and said: "Can ye talk yet, Mr. Beresford?"

Beresford shook his head. He could not—fluently.

"Thin I'm afraid, Sorr, that ye niver will. The nerve body's all right, or ye'd be like the mate. It's the motor filaments from the pneumogastric to the vocal chords that be paralysed. It's all the better for me, considerin'—considerin' the"—his eyes took on their baleful look—"the way I was—considerin' the elegant slape-machine I'm a-makin'."

Securing some old, light canvas, a palm and needle, and a ball of twine, he departed, leaving Beresford but little wiser for his words.

In a few days the prisoner could distinguish, by the voices of the two mates, that they had resumed duty, and by an occasional remark he learned that his friend the steward, though still unable to use his jaw, was performing light tasks about the cabin; but the consequent relief from responsibility brought the captain no ease from insomnia. He stormed about, night and day, and when at last it became apparent that the store of liquor was exhausted, the ship became a pandemonium. Men were knocked about, and even the officers were struck by the half-mad giant.

"Matsumu!" he roared, one evening, down the after-companion, and Beresford heard the Jap's answer through the walls of the cabin trunk. "Where's that sleep-machine o' yours? Is it any good?"

"Yes, Sorr; I haven't had a wakeful night since I made it."

"Let's have it. I must sleep, or go crazy! Where is it?"

"Suppose I make ye a better one to-morrow, Sorr—one for yerself. Ye see, whin ye begin, Sorr, ye have to kape it up. Ye'll only kape me awake for the want of it, Sorr."

"Go get it, or I'll break your neck! Bear a hand, I say."

"Yes, Sorr."

In a few moments the Jap's voice sounded from above. "Ye put it round yer neck, Sorr, from behind, so that the ends point to the front, and these pads press lightly on the carotid. That shuts off the blood-supply to the brain, and ye go to slape."

"I'll try it."

His heavy footsteps sounded on the companion, and silence fell upon the ship and her people. His voice was not heard again, and the two mates commented upon the fact when the watches changed at midnight. Beresford was awake, listening.

"Did you see it?" asked Mr. Boyd, the first mate.

"It's shaped like a horseshoe—just a thin band of steel, with pads on the ends—to go around the neck."

"No. I didn't see it—only I hope it works. He'll have us all crazy if he don't get to sleep soon."

"There's the Jap, nosing around the main-deck. Says he can't sleep without his machine. Good chance to chuck him overboard."

"I may do it yet."

"Course east-south-east. Wind's creeping round a little."

Mr. Smith answered, and Mr. Boyd departed to his berth. Beresford went to sleep, hoping as fervently as anyone that the captain would enjoy a night's rest and be approachable in the morning; for he could enunciate distinctly now, and he felt that, if not unduly excited, he might impress the captain. He had prepared his first speech—a brief statement of his identity, followed by an avalanche of names—of agents, his other ships, and other shipowners, and as much of the line's history as he could rake out of his memories of conversation with his father.

But he never delivered that speech. He was awakened at daylight by the voice of Mr. Boyd, just above him, and rising from his bed of canvas he peeped up and saw him levelling a telescope at the horizon.

"It's a torpedo-boat destroyer," he said to himself, and then repeated the call that had awakened Beresford: "Call all hands forrard, there! Steward, call the captain. He's fired a gun. He wants to speak us."

A torpedo-boat destroyer! For the first time since the wager in the club Beresford remembered the part Captain Baker was to play in case he lost the bet.

Wild with hope and with excitement, he waited, while the sounds of the work going on—taking in kites and brailing up courses—gladdened his soul to the point of thanksgiving prayer—almost to the point of speech.

In a very short time there was a megaphone hail from somewhere—

"Ship ahoy! Have you got Mr. George Beresford aboard that ship?"

Then the speech came, frantic and incoherent. "Yes, yes!" he stuttered up the hatch. "It's Captain Baker. Tell him I'm here, Mr. Boyd. I'm the owner. I was shanghaied. Tell him—tell him. Oh, God! please tell him."

"What—what?" said the mate, peering down the hatch at Beresford's excited face. "You—I thought you were dumb! The owner? The owner?"

"I say!" he roared through his hands. "There's some one here, but I don't know anything about it. Where's the captain?" he added in an undertone. "Steward, did you call the skipper?"

The steward's—not the Jap's—voice came from the companion: "He—he—he's dead, Sir. He wouldn't answer."

"Dead!"

"He was too far gone for the want o' slape, I think," wailed the voice of the Jap. "He died of reaction—some time in the night."

"Here!" yelled the mate. "You get off this poop, quick! The skipper dead?—I say," he called again through his hands. "We've just learned that the captain died in the night, and there is a man in irons who claims to be the owner. Will you send a boat?"

"Yes. Back your main yards."

The Jap's anxious face peered down on Beresford through the hatch. "Mr. Beresford," he said hoarsely, "don't gi' me away—plaze. Say nothin' about the nerve, will ye, Sorr?"

"Didn't I tell you to get out o' here?" said the mate. Then he lifted the Jap by the collar, and he disappeared from Beresford's sight, though his troubled voice came back to him as the mate hustled him along the alley.

The other steward—he of the broken jaw and sense of injury—dropped down the hatch.

"Mr. Boyd orders me to unlock you, Sir; and, if you please, Sir, I never knew you was the owner."

"Never mind—never mind," said Beresford. "Unlock me quickly; I hold no grudges."

In a moment he was free. He climbed to the deck and took the first real glimpse of sea and sky that he had enjoyed on that ship; for in his hurried trips along the alley, to and from the lazaret, he had been too agitated to take note of his surroundings. Men were at the main braces, looking curiously at him as they pulled. Mr. Boyd was on top of the house, overseeing the job. He, too, glanced curiously at Beresford. The man at the helm also stared furtively as he ground down the wheel. But Beresford looked only at the long, brown, four-funnelled craft abeam with its one small signal-mast forward—from the yard of which small flags were now fluttering down, the Stars and Stripes flying from a jackstaff at the stern. Never in his life had that flag seemed so beautiful.

A boatful of men, with a blue-and-gold-clad officer in the stern-sheets, was coming. And even in the distance Beresford recognised Captain Baker.

"As I hadn't a man on board who could identify you, I came myself," he said as they shook hands on the main-deck. "Well, this was carrying a bet and a practical joke to extremes, wasn't it? But I was ordered out of port before it happened. That telephone-call was from the Navy Yard, and I hadn't time to apprise you. Sorry, very sorry. How have you made out?"

"Oh, I've—lost the bet," gurgled Beresford hysterically. "But I've learned a lot. Yes, a whole lot of things?"

"How about the captain? Is he dead?"

"I don't know. They say so. I was locked up."

Mr. Boyd approached. "I hope you understand, Sir," he said, "that we didn't know who you were."

"That's all right," responded Beresford; "but how about the captain?"

"I was just down, Sir. Dead as a door-nail. He put a sleep-machine on—a contrivance belonging to the Jap—and it seems to have strangled him. Want to look at him, Sir?"

"No," said Beresford, with a shudder. "There's nothing suspicious, is there?"

"No, Sir. It just strangled him. The ends are buried in the side of his neck. Of course, he's swollen."

"Can you take the ship on?"

"Yes, Sir. I'm a past master, and so is Mr. Smith."

"Then go on. I'm anxious to get back."

They had almost reached the gangway when the Jap darted up to Beresford.

"Take me back wi' you, Sorr!" he pleaded. "I'm the only witness ye've got, Sorr. I'll help ye railroad Glasgow."

"I shall not proceed against Glasgow Mike," said Beresford calmly. "He was employed by a friend, with whom I had made a bet, to shanghai me. The whole thing must be hushed up."

Before Beresford reached New York he had done some instructive thinking; and when he, and Allerton, and Captain Baker, and Dr. Benson had foregathered again at the grill-room table to celebrate the payment of the debt, he regretted not taking the Jap back with him. He had asked Dr. Benson again about the exact whereabouts of the pneumogastric nerve.

"It passes down the side of the neck close behind the carotid artery," the Doctor had answered. "According to the different degrees of pressure, it is inhibitory to speech, respiration, and heart action."

Whereupon he did more instructive thinking; but when he read Captain Boyd's report of the voyage, and learned that one Matsumu of the crew had fallen overboard in a gale he gave it up.

Some things are beyond philosophy.

THE END.

THE MOTOR-BOAT RELIABILITY TRIALS IN THE SOLENT: VESSELS THAT MADE THE TWO DAYS' NON-STOP RUN, AUGUST 2 AND 3.



1. No. 29, A. B. COLLIS PETROL-BEAT: 26 FT. LONG, 16 H.P., 2 CYLINDERS.

2. No. 14, SIMPSON, STRICKLAND, AND CO. STEAM-BEAT: 28 FT. 1 IN., 16 H.P., 2 CYLINDERS.

3. No. 37, THORNYCROFT BEAT, RUN ON PRODUCER GAS; THE FIRST TO COMPLETE IN BRITISH WATERS.

4. No. 35, PERMAN AND CO. PARAFFIN-BEAT: 40 FT. 12 7/8 H.P., 1 CYLINDER.

5. No. 13, IOZIER PETROL-BEAT: 30 FT., 10 H.P., 2 CYLINDERS.

6. No. 9, DE DION BOUTON PETROL-BEAT: 25 FT., 6 H.P., 4 CYLINDERS.

7. GENERAL VIEW OF BEATS IN DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON.

8. No. 17 AND No. 7—MAUDSLEY BEAT, 30 FT., 40 H.P., 6 CYLINDERS; AND MITCHAM, 22 1/2 FT., 7 H.P., 2 CYLINDERS—LEAVING FOR COURSE.

Photographs by Topical Press.

"DO YOU NEED ASSISTANCE?"—ROUGH WEATHER FOR YACHTSMEN IN THE CHANNEL.

DRAWN BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.



AN OFFER OF HELP FROM A 'TRAMP' STEAMER.

RAIN-MAKING IN ROUMANIA: A GYPSY INCANTATION TO ENSURE THE MAIZE CROP.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY ROOK CARNEGIE.



A SURVIVAL OF PAGANISM IN EASTERN EUROPE: THE RAIN-MAKERS RUNNING THROUGH A ROUMANIAN VILLAGE IN TIME OF DROUGHT.

In Roumania the failure of the maize crop means starvation for the peasants, and accordingly they seek to ensure a good harvest by a ceremony that resembles the necromancy of the remote parts of Africa. Gypsy girls and women of almost a Hindoo type, wearing nothing but a kilt of flowers and leaves, gold and silver coins and charms in their hair, bangles, and a toe-ring with a large stone, go from house to house singing a strange rhyme, in which a power invoked as "Babarouda" is implored to send rain that her children may not starve. After they have received even house and received a few coppers, they run through the village and are pelted with water by the peasants. Anyone who misses throwing some over them is accounted unlucky. In times of great drought the ceremony is observed in the larger towns, and even in the outskirts of the capital itself.

FROM A LITERARY WORKSHOP.

REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

SHORT stories told in a minor key, with the soft pedal down, show an artistic touch to advantage; as Mrs. Wilkins Freeman made known in her New England studies some time ago. Mrs. Henry Dudeney's collection, published under the title of "A Country Bunch" (Hurst and Blackett), might be described as examples of the Wilkins treatment of an English theme. Her tales, except the one that has a suburban setting, are redolent with the wistful charm of a southern county—instinct, too, with the slow-moving superstitions and emotions of country folk. She is excellent when she touches mental tragedy, which is perhaps why the tragic note is more conspicuous than the idyllic in these stories; but this must not be taken to infer that her powers of description are not of a high order. There is a picture of a woman gathering herbs in the January woods which is extraordinarily vivid and direct; so, also, the tableau of the seaside village waiting, in the breathless hush of a summer night, for what it believes will be the judgment-morning. Occasionally the weird note that runs through the book becomes a little too fantastic for conviction, as in "The Traveller Swan." If Mrs. Dudeney has a fault in her treatment of her Sussex villagers, it is that she allows the strain of madness, actual or incipient, to haunt the pages of "A Country Bunch" unduly. For the rest, we have nothing but praise for her craftsmanship, shown here at its best.

Miss Ethel Clifford's new volume of poems, "Love's Journey" (John Lane) is very much of its time. It would be easy to give the date of publication in years to come, without looking at the title-page. It is the year when writers write precisely so. For instance, there is just the timely touch of Nietzsche, for Nietzsche percolated through Mr. G. B. Shaw and Mr. Davidson, into current poetry in or about this year. Therefore, Miss Clifford has a song deprecating the "heart of pity." It is almost humorously "pat to the music" (the tune of the moment), as the Vicar of Wakefield said of Olivia's foot. Of the greater number of the poems in this volume it may fairly be said that they show an active fancy, a delicate sense of words, a good ear, and a conviction, shared with many more famous writers of verse, that poetry is for feeling and not for thought. The love of nature to which the modern writer is strictly bound, is here, expressed with real sweetness; and of a very simple motive—a woman's preference for gifts of flowers from her lover, and her contempt of jewels—Miss Clifford makes one of her most successful pieces of verse—

Nay, but with lilies you shall win the walls,
With lilac tread where none has trod before,
And with carnations find the inmost court
Of which with roses you shall find the door.

This is the lady's "Song of Siege." The whole volume is facile; and facility is the inheritance of the present age. Such poems would have made high reputation a hundred years ago; but then they would have been very much more difficult and costly to write. Thus justice is justified.

We welcome a pleasant, scholarly edition of the "Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe" (John Lane. 5s. net), for which Miss Beatrice Marshall writes an appreciative introduction, and Mr. Allan Fea, who knows the period extremely well, a note on the interesting illustrations, which are mostly from family portraits and old prints. Lady Fanshawe was a Cavalier maiden of quality, whose father was deprived of his estates for his loyalty. His daughter Anne and her friend Lady Isabella Thynne, bright stars of that brilliant Court at Oxford on the eve of Marston Moor, appear in one of the most vivid chapters of "John Inglesant," a book which shows in other places also a considerable debt to these memoirs. The high-spirited, lovely girl of eighteen married her kinsman, Richard Fanshawe, when the Stuart cause seemed almost lost and when their united fortunes amounted to no more than twenty pounds. It seemed imprudent, but Dick Fanshawe, as the King affectionately called him, was "a very perfect, gentle knight," and, after marvellous trials and adventures, she saw him successively Latin Secretary and Ambassador to Portugal and Spain. Lady Fanshawe wrote these memoirs after her husband's death, for the instruction of the only son of all her large family who survived her. It is impossible to describe the verve, the shrewdness, the simple piety, the intellectual curiosity, the faithful devotion to husband and children, which she exhibits in her memoirs; they will be a revelation to all who read them for the first time, while even those who know them well already will like to possess this beautifully printed edition, with its admirable introduction and its unobtrusive but really informing notes. Its value is also increased by an appendix containing selections from Sir Richard Fanshawe's correspondence, some of which is now printed for the first time from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. These have been chosen with care and intelligence to illustrate the memoirs themselves.

One of the most interesting, most impartial, and on the whole most accurate of the many books recently issued on Russia has just been published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin under the title of "Russia Under the Great Shadow," from the pen of Luigi Villari. Mr. Villari does not pose as an omniscient person. He does not pretend to be on terms of familiar intimacy with the Imperial family or the Ministers of the Empire. He does not lead us to think that he holds in his hands the

many strings by which the revolutionary movement is pulled. He is even honest enough to confess that his knowledge of Russian is not profound. But he is an open-minded and painstaking observer; who has been able to present us with a graphic and interesting picture of contemporary Russia. His descriptions of the towns and villages he visited are vivid, and are, what is perhaps of still more importance, not misleading. Despite the somewhat sensational title of the book, it is commendably free from "yellow journalism." Mr. Villari has not jumped at any conclusions or invented any wild theories. Throughout his work the predominant features are sanity and fairness. The present condition of Russia is shown to be the inevitable result of years of bad government and obscurantism. The war has only served to accelerate the pace at which the nation is travelling towards its crisis. Mr. Villari does not, however, indulge in sanguine prophecies. He warns us not to expect the present pace to be kept up, for he tells us that the army is still loyal. He is obviously not sufficiently acquainted with the country to see that what may not be accomplished by a revolution may result from a complete collapse of the bureaucratic machine. Nevertheless, his chapters on the working classes, the industrial development, and the economic situation show that he has acquired a good grasp of his subject. The eighty-five illustrations are interesting.

Mr. William Heinemann has published an authorised translation, under the title of "Russia from Within," of Alexander Ular's now famous book. All earnest students of the transition period of Russian history—the transition of an enslaved people to a free nation—will welcome this interesting contribution to the literature on the subject, though they will also regret its many blemishes and the meretricious style in which it is written. Indeed, Mr. Ular's style betrays his superficial knowledge, and has the effect of putting people on their guard against him. For all that, and notwithstanding several misstatements—such as those about the origins of the Cossacks and the vices of the Grand Duke Serge, for instance—the book gives one a fairly accurate picture of contemporary Russia, and is, moreover, entertaining to read. Of course, it is a mistake to describe the bureaucracy as a caste; it is not a caste, but a career open to all who can pass the necessary examinations—it would also have been a little more convincing if Mr. Ular had shown how the law was set aside by the will of official dictators instead of merely stating the fact. He could have illustrated this very satisfactorily by the wholesale floggings that are taking place and have been carried out all over Russia, notwithstanding the fact that all corporal punishment has been abolished by special imperial decree or ukase for years and years. His chapters on the economic situation and his estimate of Mr. Witte, however, reveal intimate knowledge and leave little to be desired. Mr. Ular knows the condition of the peasantry, and shows how Mr. Witte's policy of industrialism only contributed to their impoverishment instead of helping them. This book gives us, indeed, an appalling picture of misrule and misery, madness, degeneration, and want. It is entertaining to read, full of spicy stories, and, unfortunately, not at all exaggerated, though not always accurate.

This is an age of shams and forgeries. The Old World, for all the precious records that it yields, cannot keep pace with the crowd of the newly rich that desires to possess them. From the wonderful stone, with its more wonderful inscription, discovered by the immortal Mr. Pickwick in the neighbourhood of Cobham, from the "genuine antiquities" offered to the tourist to-day in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids and the scattered villages of Greece and Italy, up to the tiara of Saitapharnés, which so successfully deceived the directors of the Louvre, it is a far cry; but all the intervening space is full of forgeries. Statues, pictures, furniture, antiquities of all sorts, yield a thriving business to the unscrupulous, and are sold to the unknowing by dealers who do not hesitate to answer fools according to their folly. It is notorious that, while the world's richest men give employment to connoisseurs, they cannot keep their collections above suspicion, and much that has gone into the New World during the last decade is worth considerably less than the cost of packing and carriage. In the domain of archaeology Dr. Robert Munro speaks with authority, and "Archæology and False Antiquities" (Methuen), his contribution to the series known as the "Antiquaries' Books" and edited by Dr. Cox, forms a very timely protest against the somewhat careless treatment to which archaeology is subjected in these islands. Dr. Munro endeavours to point out the best means of avoiding erroneous conclusions in dealing with the fascinating subject he has studied so long. He writes clearly and concisely, and has the courage of his opinions. In some interesting chapters he deals with acknowledged forgeries and acknowledged forgers, and he criticises some of the recent discoveries in the Clyde Valley about which experts are still debating with unfailing enthusiasm. Perhaps one of his most interesting suggestions is the appointment of a Professor of anthropology and prehistoric archaeology in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. He believes that if these chairs were established the general public would begin to frequent our antiquarian museums, where in these days the curator seems on very many occasions to constitute the audience. This suggestion is quite a timely one, even though it should be held to stamp its author as an optimist.

WARS PAST AND PRESENT.

THE third volume of "The Times' History of the War in South Africa" (Sampson Low and Co.) should be studied by comfortable citizens at a time when the nation seems to be falling back into the apathy which had made its military organisation so insecure in 1899. Mr. L. S. Amery has carried his narrative in this volume from the failure at Colenso to the victorious entry of Lord Roberts into Bloemfontein. The credit due to Lord Roberts for the conception and execution of a great strategic plan is not minimised in the slightest degree. But when we see the campaign reviewed in detail, with a remarkable grasp of all its bearings and with a fearless impartiality, the grave weaknesses of military training and administration stand out as ominous lessons. We see the "supreme military incapacity" of Sir Redvers Buller, the "paralytic stupor" of the operations which led to the defeats at Spion Kop and Vaal Krantz. "When the circumstances are dispassionately considered, it becomes clear that there really was no conceivable reason why Buller should have shown himself a general. And, if he failed, the blame must rest, not with him, but with the system which made him what he was, with the nation which confidently bade him undertake a task of overwhelming difficulty, for which he was fitted neither by experience, nor by training, nor by disposition." At Paardeberg, Lord Kitchener was baffled, partly by his own inexperience of warfare against a white race, but mainly by the passive resistance of his subordinates, "proceeding from the dread of being responsible for heavy losses." Lord Roberts, in Mr. Amery's opinion, wasted a fortnight at Paardeberg by the same dread. The Boers were not crushed, as they would have been by the storming of Cronje's laager. "Far less accustomed as they were to the idea of losing life than even the British, a thousand casualties would have produced an ineffaceable impression on them. And in the same degree that the storming of the laager would have broken the spirit of the Boers, it would have uplifted that of the British Army, and implanted in it a thirst for swift and decisive victory, a belief in its attainability, and an indifference to its cost, which would have saved England and Africa alike much long agony of a struggle indefinitely protracted by the futile wish to wage war without losing life." It is true that the same futility paralysed the Boers when they had the game in their hands. They were too careful of their lives and their property to reap the advantages of their early victories. They pottered round Ladysmith when they might have made a successful dash for Cape Town, and roused to arms every element of disaffection in the Colony. The remarkable military qualities they showed in the guerilla stage of the war were lacking at the outset, luckily for us. But in some future war we may not have such luck. If all purely military considerations are to be subordinated by our soldiers and our people alike to "the fear of losing a few lives," we shall run the gravest risks in a struggle with an enemy who is made of tougher fibre, and whose training is worthy of it.

Lord Brooke went to the Far East in the service of Reuter's Agency, and his book, "An Eye-Witness in Manchuria" (Nash), is a very readable affair indeed. If the author has comparatively few of the special writing gifts we associate with the heads of his profession, he has at least an observant eye, a sufficiently fluent pen, and an obvious intention to set down a story without prejudice. He succeeds in conveying a very happy impression of the confidence that the Russians felt at the beginning of the campaign, and if he does not seek to explain away the many defeats that fell to the Tsar's soldiers, he enables us at least to understand how they came about. He saw the fighting at Liao-yang and round Mukden, and while he spares us details of the horrors that beset the scene on every side, he cannot refrain from expressing the almost universal feeling of regret that such conflicts should be possible. We learn from him, too, how deep-rooted and sincere is the suspicion with which this country and its Administrators are held by the Russians. By way of example he mentions that when the *Yashima* was sunk by a Russian mine and the loss was not admitted by the Japanese, the Russian officers were convinced that it was the intention of His Majesty's Government to sell one of the British men-of-war on the China station to the Japanese. The ship in question, the *Ocean*, was of the same class as the *Yashima*, consequently the deal might have been denied. No amount of argument would convince the Russian officers that it could not be part of British policy to work on these dishonourable lines. We learn to admire the Russian soldiers, but though Lord Brooke is generous in his praise of certain officers, he does not comment upon their effectiveness as a class. There is no doubt that the Russians have made most serious mistakes in the field, but reading between the lines of Lord Brooke's narrative it is not difficult to see that there were times when the Mikado's soldiers lost valuable chances. It is rather salutary than otherwise that we should realise this, for we have, in our just admiration of our allies, fallen into the habit of imagining that they are infallible and that everything "goes," as it were, "by clockwork." Of course, their organisation and discipline have never been rivalled, but as long as human nature remains what it is, so long must Napoleon's dictum hold good that victory is to the general who makes the fewest mistakes. Japan has, at any rate, probably struck the irreducible minimum of error.

A VILLAGE MAD ON CHESS: THE PARTIALITY OF STRÖBECK FOR THE MOST INTELLECTUAL OF GAMES.



1. ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL IN THE CHESS-TOWER.

3. EAGER CHESS-PLAYERS.

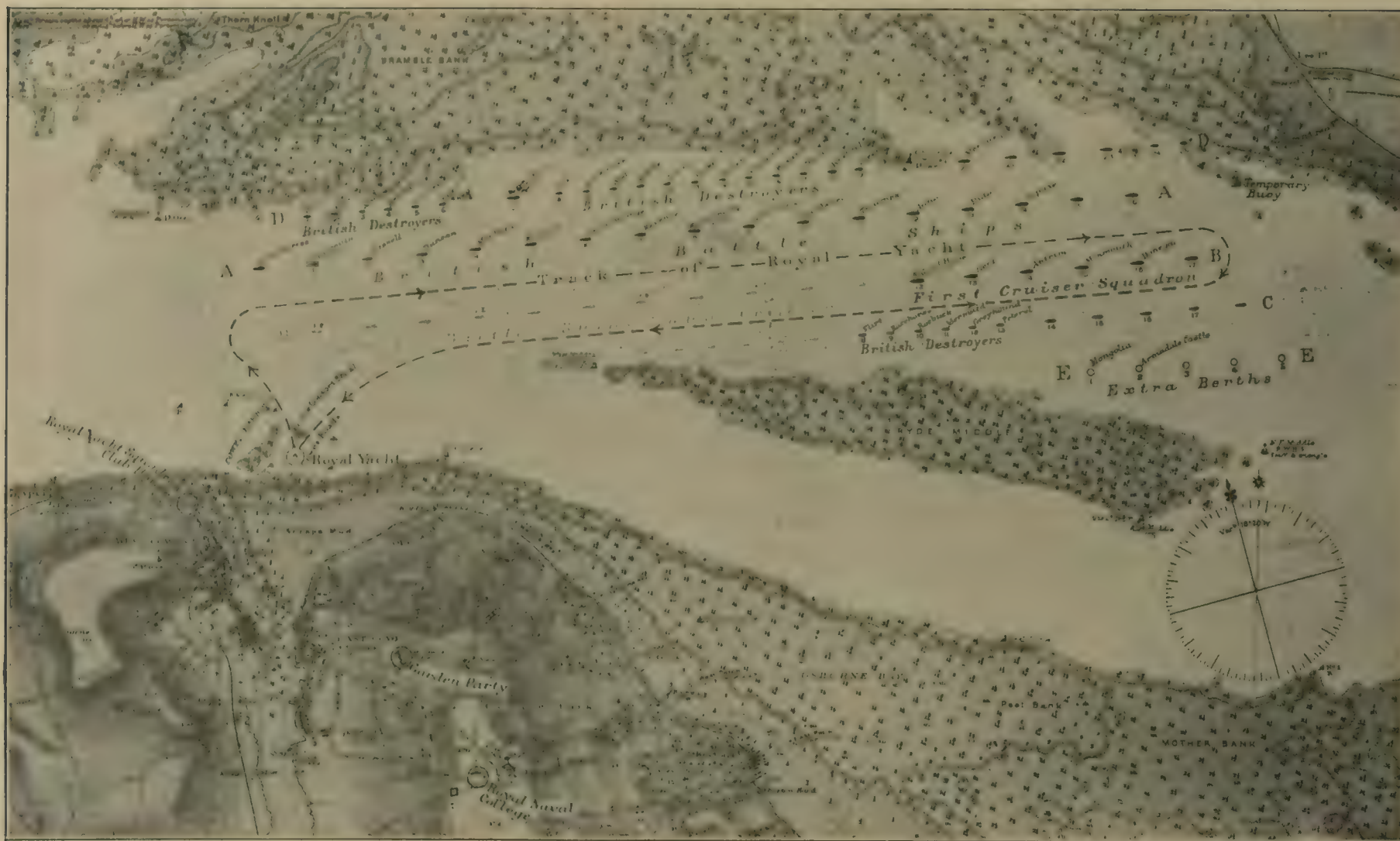
5. A GAME IN THE OPEN AIR.

2. SCHOOL-CHILDREN WITH THEIR INSEPARABLE CHESS-BOARDS.

4. GIRLS AT CHESS.

6. GRANDFATHER AND GRANDCHILD AT CHESS.

Since the eleventh century the little village of Ströbeck has been devoted to the game of chess. The vogue arose during the imprisonment of a prince in a tower which is still shown at Ströbeck. To beguile his captivity the prisoner made a chess-board, and taught his jailers the game, which soon became popular, and remains so to this day. Old and young are devoted to the pastime, and even at school the recreation is chess, and the children carry their boards with them as well as their satchels of books. If you enter a Ströbeck inn, it is local etiquette for the landlord to invite you immediately to play.



WHERE THE ENGLISH GREET THE FRENCH: THE POSITIONS OF THE VISITING AND ENTERTAINING SQUADRONS IN THE SOLENT.

REPRODUCED FROM THE OFFICIAL CHART BY PERMISSION OF THE HYDROGRAPHER TO THE ADMIRALTY, CAPTAIN A. MOSTYN FIELD, R.N., F.R.S.

This chart accompanies the official programme, and is printed on satin. The British ships are shown in red and the French in blue. The course taken by the royal yacht during the review is indicated by the long line and arrowheads.



A NEW PLAY BY JUDGE PARRY AND FREDERICK MOUILLOT: "WHAT THE BUTLER SAW," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

The scene of the play is laid at a hydropathic, where a frivolous married man pretends that he is a bachelor and is surprised by the advent of his wife, whom he passes off as his widowed sister-in-law. She fools him to the top of his bent; but the butler makes discoveries which lead the parties in self-defence to confess their real relationship.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES: OFFICIAL VISITS BETWEEN THE FLEETS.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS ON THE SOLENT.



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CHANNEL FLEET VISITS ADMIRAL CAILLARD ON BOARD THE "MASSÉNA."

As soon as the Admiral of the French Squadron had returned from paying his respects to the King, he was visited officially by Admiral Sir A. R. Wilson, Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet. The water was now alive with steam-pinnaces darting about everywhere among the fleet, conveying officers on a round of calls and return calls. Round about the "Masséna" there was quite a little flotilla during Admiral Wilson's visit.

LADY EVA DODDAR.

SIR W. CARBONELL. SIR J. WILLIAMS, M.D.

SIR CHARLES CURT. THE REV. H. C. SHAWLEY.

NURSE.

PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE ROYAL CHILDREN.



PRINCE OF WALES.

DUKE OF SPARTA.

CANON DALTON.

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

CANON HERVEY.

THE CHRISTENING OF PRINCE JOHN OF WALES: THE SCENE IN SANDRINGHAM CHURCH, AUGUST 3.

DRAWN BY S. BEGO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The youngest Prince of the house of Wales was christened at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Sandringham, and received the names of John Charles Francis. The sponsors were the Duchess of Sparta and Princess Alexander of Teck, represented by Princess Victoria; the King of Portugal, represented by the Prince of Wales; the Duke of Sparta, Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince John of Glücksburg, and the Duke of Fife, the last three also being represented by the Prince of Wales. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Canon J. N. Dalton, domestic chaplain to the Prince of Wales, the Rev. Canon Hervey, rector of Sandringham, and the Rev. H. C. Shawley, curate of Sandringham. The infant Prince was handed to Canon Dalton by Princess Victoria.

FRANCE SALUTES THE BRITISH FLAG: THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH FLEET OFF COWES.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE SOLENT.



THE TRICOLOUR SALUTES THE UNION JACK: THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH FLEET AT ITS ENGLISH MOORINGS, AUGUST 7.

Exactly at the appointed hour the French ships appeared at Spithead. They were flying the English white ensign at the main and the French ensign at the fore. As the ships, led by the flag-ship, the "Masséna," came to their moorings opposite their British hosts, the vessels were manned and dressed, and a royal salute was fired. The evolution is said to have been one of the best-executed that has ever been seen at a naval festivity in the Solent.

DISARMED: THE RUSSIAN BEAR YIELDS TO HIS FORMERLY DESPISED FOE.

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA.



RUSSIAN STRAGGLERS DELIVERING UP ARMS AND AMMUNITION TO A JAPANESE GUARD.

Although within the past few months land warfare has been of a minor and entirely desultory kind, such incidents as that depicted here have not been uncommon. Russian stragglers cut off from their main body in the lonely plains of Manchuria, and finding themselves at the end of their resources, have been fain to yield to the first Japanese outpost they came across, deeming captivity better than starvation.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

HOT WEATHER AND HEALTH.

It is, of course, an article of the creed of the Medical Officer of Health that the advent of hot weather implies many additional risks to the welfare of the nation at large. For example, the death-rate of infants under one year old rises immensely in our great centres of population in the warm season. This mortality is due to a special affection known as "summer cholera." Children who may be well in the morning may be dead ere evening arrives, when attacked by the disease in question. If mothers at large, and especially those of the masses, could be duly warned of the dangers incidental to infant life in the warm weather, and if they were instructed in the ways and means of preventing the ailment just mentioned, there can be no doubt an enormous saving of infantile life would result.

This is only one example of the science of life-saving, founded on a knowledge of the causes of disease. If mothers were taught universally that polluted milk was the cause of infantile cholera, we may readily believe that they would adopt measures calculated to avoid the contamination of the infants' food. Milk is kept in situations of insanitary character, and thereby acquires injurious properties. Given as food to infants, it induces the disease already named, and, as a consequence, the death-rate of the very young rises in an undue proportion in summer weather in every great city.

This, therefore, is a telling example of the effect of season on health. One might go further afield in the domain of sanitary science, and show that the autumn season which is approaching us is that identified with increased risks of typhoid fever infection. This is why our American cousins term typhoid fever "fall fever." From one cause or another, its germs appear to flourish chiefly in the "fall" of the year, with the result that cases of infection are much more common from September to the end of October than at any other period. We find that other diseases exhibit a definite relation to certain seasons of the year in the matter of their most frequent period of attack. It has often occurred to me that if we were sufficiently instructed in the science of disease-incidence—that is, of the times of the year when certain ailments are most liable to affect us—we should, by the exercise of due precaution, be able to avert much illness.

The hot weather we are at present enjoying (or, as some say, suffering) entails other risks of disease upon us than are represented by definite epidemics. Cases of food-poisoning, for instance, are much more common in the summer months, simply by reason of the fact that microbes or germs multiply and increase under the most favourable conditions. Food which is perfectly sound in the morning may be tainted in the afternoon. Its consumption, therefore, implies risk of serious illness, illustrated by only too common cases of food-poisoning. Our safety here is to keep all our food in a pure atmosphere, and thus to avoid contamination of that we eat. Meat, and especially pork and fish, which is pure and wholesome, is liable very quickly to develop injurious qualities in the summer season. Often the detection of such poisonous phases is a difficult matter; but if any doubt exists, let me recommend my readers to use a clean-bladed knife. Insert this deeply into the meat, cooked or uncooked, for a minute or two and then withdraw it. The odour of the meat will have been communicated to the knife, and any distinct smell of commencing putrefaction will in this way be readily detected.

In the summer months a health problem is evolved in the shape of the question, "What should we drink?" Naturally, this query will be answered according to the predilections of the inquirer, or of him who attempts to frame a reply to the question. The vast majority of persons—including, to my mind, the sensible section of humanity—recognise that the use of alcohol in hot weather represents a dietetic mistake. Just as we require less flesh-food in summer, so we need less alcohol. Be it understood, I am here writing of those who, without being teetotallers, consume a strictly moderate amount of alcoholic beverages. The hot weather predisposes naturally towards temperance. Of this fact, I think, there is no doubt to be entertained, and it may be that climate, in this way, has something to do with the abstinence from alcohol of Eastern nations. A medical man writing on this subject recently expressed the belief that cases of apoplexy in summer were very liable to occur in people given to alcoholic excess. At the very least, temperance in summer is to be commended on all grounds.

So also it is true of most that we feel less inclined in the summer to partake of meat food, and more disposed to live on a vegetable dietary, or at least on one of a light character. A friend with whom I was lately discussing this question of the alteration of diet according to the season of the year, remarked that I had said nothing about the important topic of summer drinks. Everybody knows, of course, that a fortune awaits the man who will produce an agreeable temperance drink. We tire of ginger-ale and the like, and I am afraid many of us resort to lager-beer and light wines diluted because we cannot find anything agreeable in the teetotal menu. I was twice charged last week sixpence for a small modicum of lime-juice and soda. True, this occurred in a tavern, the proprietor of which may have objected to serving temperance beverages. But, as I could have had a whisky-and-soda for the same money, one may justifiably feel that temperance is not encouraged by the publican at least. Perhaps it is not his interest to favour the sale of non-intoxicating liquors, but I beg teetotallers to take note of the fact that a simple non-intoxicating beverage costs as much (in a public-house, at least) as a whisky-and-soda.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

G BROWNE (Belfast).—In your problem if Black play 1. K to B 3rd, 2. Q takes P (ch), B takes Q; 3. R to B 5th, or R to Kt 6th, Mate. This double, we fear, is fatal.

P DALY (Brighton).—On giving your problem a final examination, we think it is not one that will be regarded as up to your usual standard. We shall be happy to consider another composition.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3183 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chili); of No. 3180 from Thakur Hari Singh (Pratap Nagar, India); of No. 3102 from C. Field, Junior (Abol, Mass.); of No. 3103 from D. Newton (Lisbon), Frank William Atchinson (Crowthorne), John Mathieson (Glasgow), and Eugene Henry (Lewisham); of No. 3104 from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Charles Burnett, Joseph Cook, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), C. E. Perugini, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), and D. Newton (Lisbon); of No. 3105 from Charles Burnett, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Doryman, F. Roberts, J. W. Haynes (Winchester), Sorrento, Edith Corser (Reigate), Shadforth, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge), Seonic, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), R. Worters (Canterbury), Joseph Cook, F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), L. Desanges (West Drayton), Philip Daly (Brighton), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), and G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3106 received from A. S. Brown (Paisley), C. E. Perugini, Laura Greaves (Redmarshall), H. Brown (Swansea), Sorrento, W. Hopkinson (Derby), T. Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), G. Collins (Burgess Hill), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Seonic, F. Henderson (Leeds), J. J. Dickson (Liverpool), and John Mathieson (Glasgow).

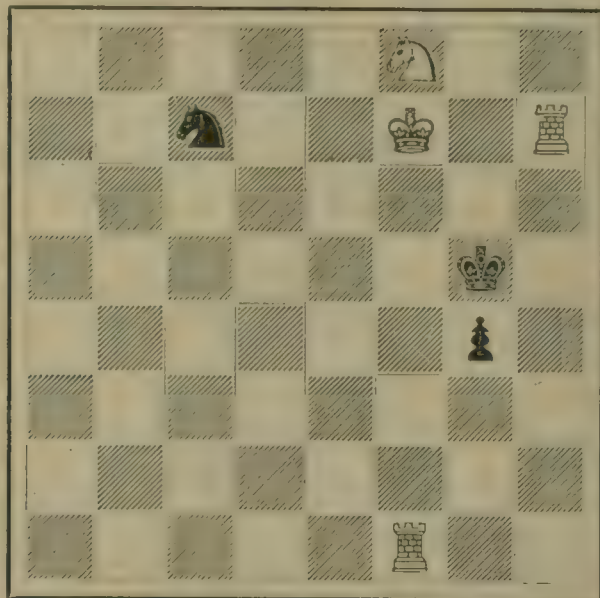
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3105.—BY PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to Kt 5th K takes R
2. Q to K Kt 7th Any move
3. Mates.

If Black play 1. 1. P takes P, 2. B takes P; and if 1. Anything, 2. R takes P (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3198.—BY A. W. DANIEL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

CHESS AT OSTEND.

Game played in the International Tournament between
Dr. TAKRACH and MR. MAROCZY.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Dr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Dr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. B to R 5th	Kt to B sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. R to K 7th	
Probably played to escape White's prediction for the Ray Lopez, but the change is welcome whatever prompted it.			
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	A sacrifice that turns out to be unsound, the resources of the defence being stronger than at first sight would appear. The feeling, however, cannot be resisted that the position is one from which Black ought not to escape defeat.	
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P	21.	B takes R
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22. Q takes P (ch)	K to R sq
6. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	23. B takes B	Q to Q 2nd
7. Castles	B to K Kt 5th	24. P to Q B 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd
8. P to B 4th	Castles	25. B takes Kt	P takes B
9. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	26. R to K sq	Q to B 4th
10. P takes P	Kt takes P	Obvious and absolutely decisive. The rest of the game is a study in accurate end play, where other things being equal, the greater in material strength must win.	
11. B to K 4th	Kt takes Kt	27. Q takes Q	P takes Q
12. P takes Kt		28. P to Q 5th	P takes P
Black's departure from the ordinary lines of play does not prove satisfactory, and he is now subjected to a severe attack.			
12. R to Kt sq	P to Q B 3rd	29. P takes P	R to Kt 2nd
13. Q to Kt 3rd	B takes Kt	30. R to K 2nd	R to Q 2nd
14. B takes B	P to Q Kt 3rd	31. P to Q 6th	K to Kt sq
15. Q to B 4th	B to Q 3rd	32. P to K R 4th	K to B 2nd
16. P to Kt 3rd	R to B sq	33. P to R 5th	R to B 5th
17. R to K sq		34. K to Kt 2nd	P to R 4th
The first step of a fine combination which deserved success, even if it ultimately failed to secure it. White has got his, real opponent in a very tight corner; but perhaps that is only saying he is where he likes to be.			
18.	Kt to Q 2nd	35. K to R 3rd	P to R 5th
19. B to Kt 5th	Q R to Kt sq	36. P to B 4th	R to B 6th
Black wins in a few more moves.			

Another game played in the same tournament between MESSRS JANOWSKY and BURN.

(Four Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. B to K 6th	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	19. Q to R 3rd	B to B 4th
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	20. B to B 5th	Q to B 2nd
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	21. P to K Kt 4th	P to K Kt 3rd
6. Kt takes P	Castles	The attack is skillfully managed, and Black does not seem fully to realise its approach. The text move is now a necessary sacrifice, but a profitable one if properly followed up.	
7. Castles	Kt takes Kt	22. B takes P	R to K Kt sq
8. Q takes Kt	P to Q 3rd	Here Kt takes P is the only move to save the game. It is not often a position goes so quickly to pieces, but both players were skating over thin ice during the last few moves. White, however, makes an effective finish.	
9. R to K Kt 5th	P to K 3rd	23. B to B 5th	Kt takes P
10. Q R to Q sq	P to Q R 3rd	24. K to R sq	Kt takes P (ch)
11. B to K 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	25. R takes Kt	B takes R
12. B to B sq	P to K B 4th	26. B to B 4th	Resigns.

The Barmen Chess Congress commenced on Aug. 10, and promises to be the greatest ever held in Germany. In the Masters' Tournament nearly all the players of international fame have entered, while the Haupt-Tournament, with sixty-four entries, will discover what new talent is waiting for promotion. The example set by Monte Carlo and Ostend is to be followed in making the Congress a highly festive affair, and again the Masters are to be guests of the Committee of Management.

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SPORTING PROSPECTS.

Philosophers tell us that every age has its consolations, and they promise us happy days even in the far-away and unlooked-for season, when "we rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low."

Curiously enough, in our London life, we do rise up at the voice of the bird when the daughters of music are silent. Opera ends, the season closes, and our thoughts fly from the town that has held us so long, to those far-off regions to the north of this island, where, amid heather about to flower, the cock grouse crows defiance to the morning as he shakes the dew from his splendid wings. Already in imagination London is left behind; we have been taken from our crowded haunts and scattered at large over a wide area of beautiful country. Just as we have revelled in the life that turns night into day, so we are looking forward to the simplicity that becomes us so much better, to the plain fare, the sustained exercise, the keen air stimulating as wine, the early rising, the happy forgetfulness of all that seemed so important a little while ago. We are even on the way to recover part of the lost summer, for in some parts of Scotland, in mid-August, the corn is still green, the strawberries are ripening, and many another summer fruit has yet to yield its harvest. While there are many men whose joy is stimulated by their skill, to whom the supreme moment comes when "right and left" shots are brought off successfully, I am well assured that to many of us the greatest pleasure comes in the return to nature, in the long tramp over flowering heather under a generous sun, in the whirr of the rising covey, in the first sight of the cunning deer, in the earliest cast over singing waters where the kingfisher darts up-stream, "a flash of living light," or the water ouzel, resplendent in his white waistcoat, flits happily from stone to stone. We are not humanitarians, but we know no lust for slaughter, and a small bag well earned is more to us than the best record at the butts. We do what good we may to ourselves, and little harm to wild life.

Northward now the lordly stag travels at his best, his horns free from velvet, his troubles of a previous year forgotten. If eight or ten weeks of anxiety are before him, he has at least known nine or ten months of security, and so soon as love enters into his councils the rifle will be laid aside. Winter has held few terrors for him, and in the most trying hours he has not lacked food. In fact, there are those who say he has been too well tended, and that of old time, when the fittest survived and the rest perished, the stag was a nobler animal. Even the pretty roe-deer, whose grace and beauty have so often availed to save his life from all but Cockney sportsmen, receives a measure of protection that he does little to deserve, for, in his own way, he is as mischievous as a monkey, and works infinite harm to young plantations. Happily for him, the men against whom his wiles and cunning would avail him least, grant him no small measure of protection, and against all sportsmen whose knowledge is theoretical rather than practical, he can do more than hold his own. The shadows that chase one another across the meadow are not more elusive than he, and many a day spent in his pursuit will yield no more than hope and exercise.

The black game, too, have more than a fair share of cunning, and if our Legislature would give them further grace, and postpone the first day of their trial until September, there would be little chance of their serious reduction. While the young birds are not fully fledged they are as helpless as the domestic chicken, but when they have the full use of their faculties and have mastered all the arts of flying, the man who can bring them to bag deserves as many as he can get. Their swift, strong flight may well baffle their ordinary pursuer, and two men out of three must make many vain attempts before realising the necessity of aiming, not at the bird, but well forward in the direction of its flight.

This will be a good year for grouse: the modern moor, drained, burned at proper intervals, and protected to some extent against hawks and other birds of prey by tireless keepers, gives the birds the best chance they have ever known. The dreaded grouse-disease that has baffled sportsmen and scientists for so long is not much in evidence just now. One or two counties are said to be tainted, though not seriously, but in most districts a favourable season finds the birds well developed, healthy, and strong on the wing. During the critical season of hatching days and nights were favourable; at the time when the half-fledged birds needed water there were rains, but no floods; the summer has been mild and warm, and all the moorland reports to hand are full of promise.

If the Royal Commission that is investigating the causes of grouse-disease should succeed in its labours—and its composition justifies the optimism—the one element of uncertainty that has troubled the owners of grouse-moors will have been removed, and such a summer as we have experienced this year will make the success of a season assured. Even the men and women who have no sporting instincts and denounce all forms of sport that involve the taking of life, must admit that the care given to birds nowadays has enabled them to enjoy the nugatory gift of life where in times past no more than one or two could have hoped to benefit by it. The much-abused drive, that brings birds to the bag in scores or hundreds, has definite value to the grouse themselves, for the old birds are first over the butts, and they, being quite without humanitarian instincts, would, if spared, do much to make the life of the younger generation unbearable, if not impossible. He would be a bold man who would say that the grouse does not enjoy a life at least as happy as falls to any of the feathered creation. His wants are remembered, his natural enemies are kept at bay, and his end, if the eye behind the gun is as it should be, is sudden and painless. Judged by the existence that Nature herself allots to the most of her creatures, his life is pleasant and his end desirable.



WHERE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ENTERTAINED THE PEACE PLINIPOTENTIARIES; SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY.

STEREOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

On August 4 M. Witte went to President Roosevelt's country residence, Sagamore Hill, Oyster Hill, where he spent the afternoon. On Saturday the Plenipotentiaries were all formally presented to the President at Sagamore Hill.



THE JAPANESE ARMY SURGEON IN HIS ELEMENT: FIRST AID TO THE WOUNDED IN THE MANCHURIAN BATTLEFIELD.

PHOTO-NOUVELLES AGENCY.

No less excellent than the other parts of their Service is the Japanese Army Surgical Department. The photograph shows a first-aid station in the field, where the surgeons are doing what they can for the temporary relief of suffering, pending the removal of the wounded to a base hospital. Operating-tables have been extemporised from the corps' portable chests, across which a plank has been laid.

IN THE HOME OF THE REINDEER: A SIGHT FOR THE NORWAY TOURIST.

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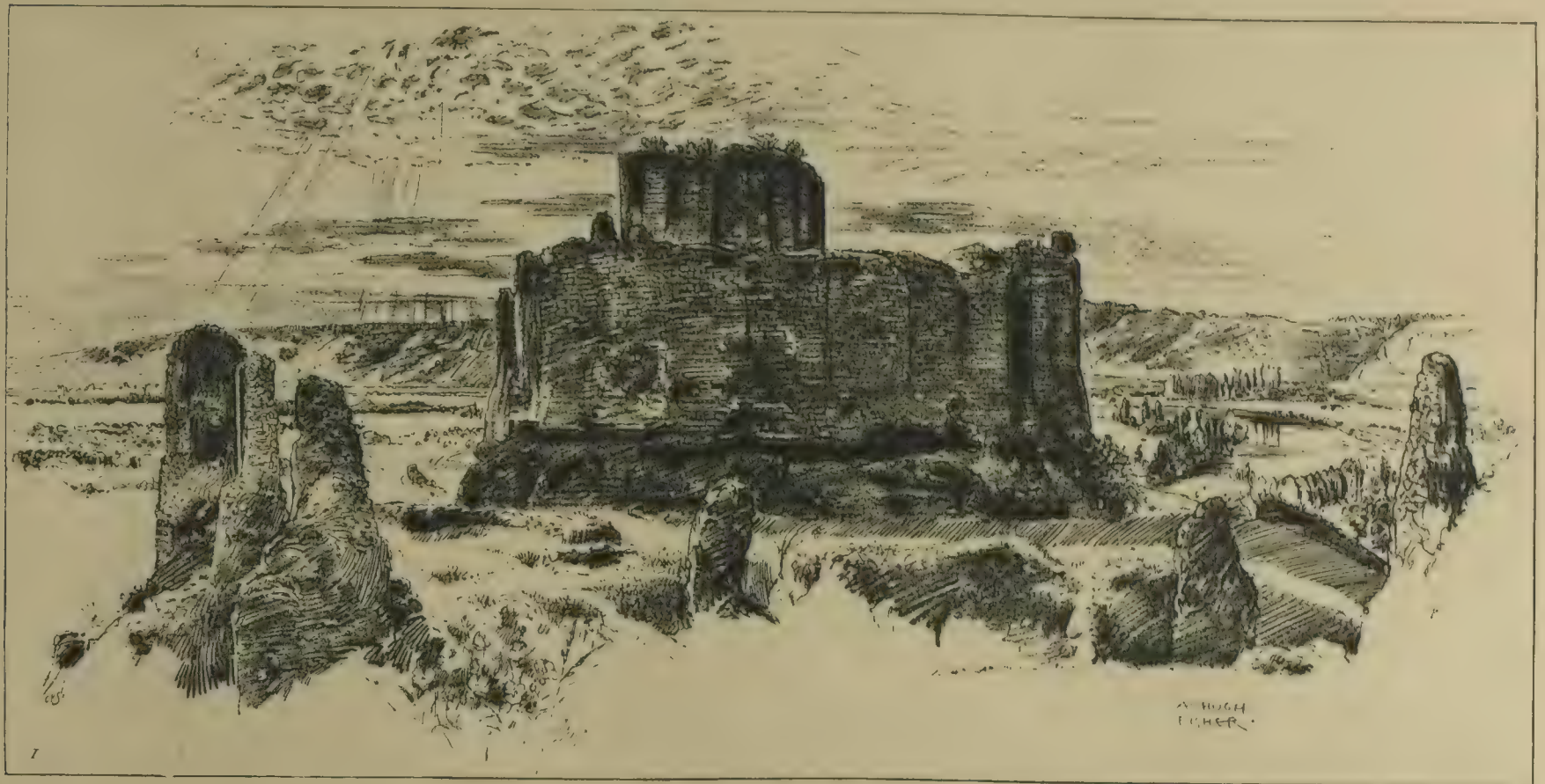


SHY REINDEER WATCHING A TRAVELLER'S APPROACH TO THE HERD ON THE HARDANGER GLACIER, NORWAY.

Anyone who has tried to photograph the deer in Richmond Park will appreciate how hard the task must have been of obtaining this infinitely more difficult picture; for compared with the reindeer of the Norwegian Highlands the deer of an English park may be regarded as tame.

A NORMAN HOLIDAY: CHATEAU GAILLARD, CŒUR DE LION'S TRIUMPH OF FORTIFICATION.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CHATEAU GAILLARD.



1. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF CHATEAU GAILLARD: AFTERNOON LIGHT.
2. A GLIMPSE OF THE TOWN OF LES ANDELYS THROUGH ONE OF THE WINDOWS OF THE CASTLE.

3. A STREET IN LES ANDELYS, WITH THE CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.
4. ANOTHER VIEW OF CHATEAU GAILLARD FROM THE SEINE.

In order to safeguard his Norman frontier, Richard Cœur de Lion built on the island of Les Andelys the famous fortress of Château Gaillard, which represents the highest achievement of twelfth century military architecture. The design does credit to his prescience as a strategist. The architecture was Richard's own, and he regarded the castle as a favourite child. Of it he said, as he watched its progress at the end of the first twelvemonth: "Comme elle est belle, ma fille d'un an!"

LADIES' PAGE.

We ought perhaps to feel flattered that "Woman" has taken in this our day and generation the place of the big gooseberry and the sea-serpent of our ancestors; when the dull season for the newspapers comes round, it is now always our sex and its doings that is the subject offered for discussion by the man in the street. It is not so pleasant, however, to find that the discussion generally becomes rather monotonously abusive before it has filled up the columns for very long. The favourite subject of animadversion, and one that under different headings is occupying space in three London papers at present, is the



A CHARMING TEA-GOWN.

This artistic indoor dress is made in soft silk, and has a fichu gracefully draped over the bodice portion, the material being net edged with a pleated frill; black velvet ribbon is used to outline the fichu, and to decorate the gown in a design of scrolls and lines.

inability of Englishwomen to cook! Really the average man must be a greedy thing, for this topic evidently attracts more of his mental activity than any other imaginable topic. Here are subjects of immense importance waiting the decision of their sex, which monopolises the vote upon such points: Lord Roberts has told us that we are practically undefended by our Army, Mr. Chamberlain that our trade is going to the dogs, and that the junior portions of our Empire are thinking of dissolving partnership as soon as they can if we do not give their food-stuffs a preference in our purchases; the British Empire League preaches as one in the wilderness to whom none listen on the far more urgent problem of how to coax or compel our Colonies to take a fair share in paying the enormous and ever-rising expense of defending this vast Empire; our State and municipal taxation rises in the most extraordinary fashion by leaps, and it is urgent for us to make up our minds whether we get any adequate return for the increase; and so on. There is a far longer list of really important and urgent subjects to hand on which every man who has a vote ought to form an opinion, but the one point that he cares to discuss is whether his poor wife feeds him as well as she ought to do, and as well as she would do if he had been born a Frenchman! Really, the fact is that the idea of the French and English dinner is different. In the one case, the chief importance is given to flavour, and in the other to solid, substantial dishes.

In a speech that Lord Rosebery recently delivered at Aylesbury, he called special attention to the fact that at one time the Members of Parliament for that borough were returned by one lady, Dame Dorothy Packington. "She elected the two members herself, thus carrying women's suffrage farther than has ever been advocated." But in this respect Lord Rosebery is mistaken: we ask now for "the suffrage on the same terms as it is or may be given to men," and that was precisely what Dame Packington exercised. In her day a landowner who owned in his own person the entire tract of country for which members were to be elected, himself returned them; and though this was naturally a rare event, it was quite common for both men and women of large landed property to control and

order the election of the members for their so-called "pocket boroughs." It was always held to be as natural and proper for the great lady as for the great lord to exert such direct and complete control over the return of members; there exist many documents showing that the lady of the manor's right in this respect was both recognised and exercised. Plowden's "Jura Anglorum" says: "The members of many ancient boroughs were returned by the Lords and sometimes by the Ladies of the Manor or the Borough." The instance of Dame Packington is exactly paralleled by Mrs. Copley's returning for Gatton her own son, both in the seventh year of Edward VI. and the first and second and also the third and fourth years of that King's successor, Mary, Mrs. Copley claiming to be the only qualified voter.

Lord Rosebery added that though Lady Packington "only lived to be forty-six, she had torn up the Constitution by its roots." If this means that women had never before her had direct representation in Parliament, the statement conflicts with history. In feudal times, noble ladies were summoned to send their proxies to Parliament: nine peeresses were summoned to the Parliament 35th Edward III.; and under the Lancastrian Kings certain women returned knights of the shire; while in the early Saxon assemblies, which were the first form of Parliament, Abbesses sat in the National Councils; and the summonses of Abbesses to attend Parliament so late as the time of Edward I. are still extant. It really seems that if a peeress in her own right, like the Countess of Cromartie at the present time, were to claim to be summoned to sit in the Upper House, or at least to send her proxy there, she could make good a precedent that it might be hard to dispute.

If Lord Rosebery's party should come into office at the next election, I wonder if they will give women the franchise? It might reasonably be supposed that they would, inasmuch as the authorised delegates of the Liberalism of the country have endorsed the claim. At the last meeting of the Council of the National Liberal Federation this spring, an overwhelming majority of delegates voted that "the disabilities of women by reason of sex in the matters of the Parliamentary suffrage and the election to local bodies should be removed"; while the Liberal ladies, about the same date, in their annual Council of delegates, voted down, by 561 to 185, a proposal to repeal an existing statute which orders that the Council shall not send any assistance from headquarters to help in getting elected a candidate who is against women's representation. However, when the Conservatives were out of office, it used to be said that their return would mean the success of the suffrage movement, as both the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour were in favour of it. And what happened? The direct representation of women on School Boards and on vestries was taken away, and nothing whatsoever was given.

Miss Greta Grieg has the distinction of being the first lady lawyer to be admitted to practice in Australia. Victoria is now the only portion of the Federation of Australia in which the women do not exercise the vote, and it is rather remarkable that it is precisely in Melbourne that Miss Grieg has taken her place at the Bar, and been warmly congratulated by the Chief Justice, Sir J. Madden. It is not, however, so remarkable as may at first appear, as the women of Victoria would have had the suffrage years ago if the opinion of the majority of the men of the colony would have sufficed to give it; the Lower, or popular representative House has passed the measure repeatedly—I believe it is seventeen times—and it is only the Upper House, the analogous one to our House of Lords, that has rejected it. Speaking of the House of Lords, the Bill presented by Earl Russell for making desertion for two years a cause for divorce gained only four votes in a House of forty-four members. The significant point is that those supporting Lord Russell's proposal were Scotch peers, and they did so, no doubt, because this has been for centuries and now is the law in Scotland, and it is approved by the Scotch people.

London is now emptied of all those whom business allows to depart, and the streets resound with the finest American accent; the shops mark their wares in dollars, not pounds; that most courteous and patient of splendid fellows, the London policeman, struggles with his natural resentment at being used as a free Directory and omnibus guide without so much as a "Please"; carriages and motors leave the streets free for waggons and buses; the blinds are down at Buckingham Palace and in every great house—the season of 1905 is ended! A feature of it has been the frequency with which the King and Queen have honoured with their company entertainments given by their more distinguished subjects. They have done all they could to promote the season's gaieties. Yet the tradespeople say it has been a poor season.

In the London sales, large quantities of the goods have been offered at remarkably cheap rates this year. This means poor trade; most business-people are just clinging on to business now, hoping for the better times—that will come, surely enough, presently, just as the incoming of the tides follows the outrush. Meantime, we must all economise in every way possible. Extravagance has ruled in the dress world for the rich people whose income is not dependent upon their business in any way; but for the vastly greater number who have to draw in their expenditure when times are parlous, there have been, and remain, great opportunities for economy. It is really wonderful at how small an expense one can be well-dressed now if one has good taste. The new cotton voiles are an illustration. They are but a few pence a yard, and yet they reproduce the delightful colourings and the refined patterns of the far more costly fabric made in silk and

wool. For a garden-party, one does as well as the other. The pretty pink or blue or white ground on which is printed a charming pattern of blossoms in an harmonious colour, arranged in clusters, wreaths, or trails, can be made up over batiste, or even over common calico, if you are very hard up—and it is a dress as effective for the time being as if it had cost pounds instead of shillings. Muslins, again, are delightful in colour and design, and no price really.

On the other hand, any fragile fabric is a certain extravagance, and if you need a gown that will wear a long time, let it be not too light a colour in the real voile, for this is a most long-suffering servant, and will see out half-a-dozen lighter materials, costly or not though the latter may be. White voile is not extravagant, since it will clean like the proverbial rag; and a smart crepe-de-Chine or Jap silk white blouse worn with the voile skirt will make a demi-toilette costume for *table d'hôte* or an at-home dinner, while a voile bodice turns the same skirt into a charming afternoon toilette. Changes in the colour of the waistbelt and a cluster of good artificial flowers in harmonising tints to wear with each belt, prevent any monotony in this evening costume. It is possible to carry this change of appearance further, by having three or four under-skirts—the foundation, that is to say—made up independent of the voile over-skirt, and so wearing green, pink, or blue under the white as well as in the parements. However, this is hardly worth while, unless the same idea is carried out at the same time with regard to three or four transparent top-dresses, as otherwise one is left with several foundation skirts on hand.

A coat is indispensable for travelling, and especially for yachting and river-boating. The coat of the moment is usually cut loose. The Empire shape, close-fitting to the bust and thence falling to its termination uncaught in anywhere, is the smartest wear at the moment. White serge is a good material for its construction; blue serge, with brass buttons and red pipings along the bust line and round the small turn-down collar and cuffs, is another good and popular arrangement. The sleeves must be ample, but may be, and in fact usually are, made coat-shaped; some fall open in a bell at the wrists. Alpaca is a useful material for railway travelling coats, as it is light, uncrushable, and lets the



A FASHIONABLE TRAVELLING-COAT.

This coat is built in blue serge, and is of the Empire design that is so fashionable at present. It is lined with plaid silk.

dust fall off easily. Linen coats, white or coloured, are also useful and much liked. For cloaks, a practical method of fastening is by means of movable straps provided with a buttonhole at each end and several buttons sewn inside the cloak at different depths. When the mantle falls open, the straps drop down along its inner edge out of sight, and only those need be used that are necessary to close it as low down as may be wished at any moment; this avoids the ugliness of a series of gaping, empty buttonholes and visible buttons that are not being used. At the same time, two rows of fancy or ornamental buttons may be placed down the coat purely for decorative purposes. FILOMENA.

'HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!'

'Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.'—CHURCHILL.

HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE.

—EMERSON.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE SAGE AND SEER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE. 'He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but Destiny made him a Player.'—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!'—CARLYLE.

A MAJESTIC AND IMPERISHABLE INHERITANCE. 'These Divine and Immortal Plays; the embodiment of all the Ages, Wisdom, and Philosophy, and the Majestic and Imperishable Inheritance of the English speaking race, should be read by all young men and women, being as they are Enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of Virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity.'—CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

'HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.'



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius, Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

'It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.'—HELEN FAUCIT.

IF YOU HAVE LOST SYMPATHY YOU ARE EXILED FROM LIGHT!

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Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

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O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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ART NOTES.

A number of important French collectors, who call themselves a "groupe d'amateurs et de Parisiens de Paris," have gathered together to form a museum of British art at Bagatelle. The anonymity of the generous group seems to have been in some way betrayed; and the name of M. Camille Groult is revealed. He is a host in himself, and from his collection come many magnificent paintings, including two Turners, a portrait of Sir Thomas Bell by Sir Thomas Lawrence—dashing and brilliant in execution, and a beautiful portrait of a lady by Hoppner. The example of generosity in the public exhibiting of great works of art has already been followed by a second "anonimo," and the museum at Bagatelle has been further enriched by a portrait of Mrs. Forster by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Let us hope that this cordial sign of appreciation of English painting in France may find some counterpart in our regard for French paintings, and that at least our National Gallery will soon be furnished by examples of such great masters as Corot and Millet.

While the enrichment of Europe's national collections is constant, their impoverishment is rare enough. But theft and fire and occasionally the umbrella of a peculiarly careless visitor prevent the list of "missing" from being a total blank. We notice that the Dutch Government is offering a reward of five hundred guilders for the recovery of a picture of a Cavalier by Frans Hals. The canvas was quite

recently cut out of its frame, and is no doubt put away for negotiation at a more convenient season.

The art sales of the season are over; the auctioneer's hammer will not bring joy and great possessions to

sold in Paris in April, fetched 12,100 francs. But, if the collector's taste is more discreet, his purse is no less reckless than before. In the great Michel Boy sale at the Salle Petit, the smallest specimens of Gothic and Renaissance workmanship fetched enormous prices, a basin even of so crude, though fascinating a ware as that known as Hispano-Mooresque fetching 72,000 francs.

Among painters, the works of that great Spanish artist, Goya, have risen considerably in value. In May, at the Hôtel Drouot, a portrait by him, supposed to be of the Duchess of Alba, realised 77,000 francs, although valued by an expert at only 30,000. Fantin-Latour, an important canvas from whose hand has recently enriched our national collection in Trafalgar Square, is more than ever a favourite among buyers; his "La Danse de l'Almée" recently finding a purchaser at a fabulous price. And the Impressionists have had the approval of the auction-room, so that even the much-abused works of that school may now find favour with those who wait—who shall say altogether unwisely?—for the sanction of a big price before they admire. In London immense prices have been paid for both paintings and curios, a portrait by Raeburn sixteenth-century work-



THE LAST OF A FAMOUS TRAINING-SHIP: H.M.S. "BRITANNIA."

The last prize day on board the "Britannia" was held on August 2, when Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont presided. After the holidays, the cadets will be transferred to the new Naval College at Dartmouth, and the famous old floating school will be abolished.

bidders for some months to come. It has been a season of interest both in London and Paris, the tendency of the collector's enthusiasm being, we think, strongly inclined to ways of a greater discrimination than has hitherto been shown. A Millet drawing, for instance,

and a rock-crystal goblet of manship passing all records.

Mrs. Swynnerton is painting a grandchild of Mrs. Charles Hunter. W. M.

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"TITE STREET, CHELSEA.
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"Miss B—"

"BALL'S POND ROAD, LONDON, N.
"Having benefited so much from your Antipon, I feel it only right to send you this testimonial. I am pleased to say a few bottles have reduced me two stone, and that it is the only thing that has ever affected me. I am just sending one of your advertisements to South Australia to a friend of mine who I know is putting on too much flesh."
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"EASTRY, NEAR DOVER.
"Please send me another case of Antipon. I am glad to tell you that I am getting beautifully less in weight, and feel a thousand times better in health since taking Antipon. I shall do all I can to make it known."
"(Mrs.) J. D. Y—"

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"I have taken two bottles of Antipon, and am a stone lighter than when I commenced taking it."
"(Mrs.) F. R—"

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from the very first. There is no anxious time waiting for results. The reduction of weight begins within a day and a night of taking the first dose, and goes on steadily and surely until satisfactory physical conditions are permanently assured. Twenty-four hours after the first dose the subject will be pleased and surprised at a decrease of weight varying between 8 oz. and 3 lb. if the case is an ordinary one. In the severest cases of obesity the latter figure may be exceeded. A consistent daily reduction ensues until complete recovery of symmetrical proportions and standard weight for height. The treatment may then cease. Antipon has a wonderful effect upon the digestive system, promoting appetite and aiding digestion and assimilation. Food is Antipon's natural ally—indeed, its one single assistant; and that necessary wholesome food it helps to digest thoroughly. Could there be anything more rational? To rid the system rapidly of all superabundant and unwholesome fatty matter—that is essential; but it is also essential to increase strength during the process, and this great work Antipon performs as nothing else will. It lastingly destroys that dreaded tendency to gain flesh which sometimes even those who half-starve themselves find so distressing and disheartening. That is the crux of the matter; once the diseased and superfluous fatty growths ejected from the system—once the internal deposits that dangerously interfered with the free action of the vital organs are expelled, they do not reappear. Hence the permanency of the cure. The reduction is admirably proportioned, and shows itself as much in the improved facial outline as in the subsidence in the abdominal region. The limbs become firm and shapely, because the muscular tissue is freed from what is called "fatty impregnation," and the new rich blood which comes of normal wholesome nourishment properly assimilated helps to form new healthy muscular tissue. It will be seen how wonderful is the change effected—the fatty excess destroyed, the impoverished blood purified and enriched, the flabby muscular tissue made perfect. Surely no stout person can afford to neglect such a chance of recovering health, strength, and elegance without trouble, or even discomfort or inconvenience. Antipon is as pleasant in itself as it is pleasant and satisfactory in its results. A refreshing liquid tonic, free from any substance of a mineral origin, entirely harmless, and neither laxative nor constipating, Antipon is, from whatever aspect regarded, an absolutely perfect remedy for the permanent cure of obesity. Hundreds of letters are received every month from grateful men and women in every part of the world, testifying to the amazing reductive powers and the grand tonic effects of Antipon. These letters anyone may see at the offices of the Company. And we are sure that stout readers who will give Antipon a fair trial will add to this interesting testimony.

Antipon can be had of Chemists, Stores, &c., price 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle, or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—

THE ANTIPON COMPANY, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

"The Illustrated London News" says: "Antipon not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

The "ILLUSTRATED MAIL" says:

"As a really efficacious permanent cure for obesity, and one which is within the reach of modest purses, Antipon is all that could be desired. First of all, it is unmistakably a radical cure for the disease. Secondly, it is agreeable to take, perfectly harmless, and need not be supplemented by any sort of general treatment, such as fatiguing exercises, sweating, incessant cathartics, &c. Antipon is a remedy in itself, and needs no troublesome dietary or restrictions. In fact there need be no change from one's ordinary mode of prudent living. Antipon will do the necessary reductive work quickly and effectually; and once normal weight and size are arrived at, the doses may be abandoned without fear of a relapse. The cure is permanent. Antipon reduces weight from the very first doses (from 8 oz. to 3 lb. during the first day and night), and the decrease proceeds pleasantly and unobtrusively—quite magically, in fact—until the desired result is achieved. Antipon has a general tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system, so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier and stronger in muscle and nerve, and feels and looks many years younger. Antipon is entirely harmless, and is in every respect a model home treatment."

Colonial Readers of "The Illustrated London News" will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, India, &c., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemist or Stores.



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The value of "Savory & Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" for convalescents, the aged, and those of weak digestion is very great. It is enjoyed, and is well digested and retained, when every other food fails. One special reason why it is so much appreciated is that it may be prepared in so many different ways without either its digestibility or nutritive value being in the slightest degree lessened or impaired.

"Savory & Moore's Best Food" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. A LARGE TRIAL TIN will be sent post free for six penny stamps by Messrs. Savory & Moore, Limited, Chemists to The King, 143, New Bond Street, London, W., to all who mention the *Illustrated London News*, together with handbook of great interest to mothers, nurses, and those having the care of invalids.



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THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

At the present moment the situation in the Far East is a waiting one, although at any instant it may assume an entirely different complexion. The Japanese are, indeed, playing the game: they fully appreciate the circumstance that another battle must mean the sacrifice of an enormous number of lives on both sides, and if the negotiations at Portsmouth, N.H., should have a successful termination, those lives may be saved. Meantime, appearances are against such a satisfactory result, and the Japanese will not therefore relax their efforts in Manchuria, where, apparently in the principal theatre of war, they have drawn around the armies of Linievitch in a very similar fashion to the way in which they threw their chains around the flanks of Kuropatkin. If, as may be the case, Russia will not be content until she has suffered another defeat, then we may shortly be sure that the Japanese are prepared to give her what she wants. In other directions they are also strengthening their position, and showing the Russians that they will make a great mistake if they think that the resources of the Island Empire are anywhere approaching exhaustion. The conquest of Sakhalien is complete, and the civil authorities have been dispatched to undertake its administration. On the mainland also troops are being landed preparatory, no doubt, to severing the connection between Vladivostok and Harbin, and to make use of the Siberian waterways. The campaign in that direction will be prosecuted with no less energy and

thoroughness than those of Port Arthur and the Sha-ho.

Messrs. "Argyll Motors," Limited, have recently supplied through their Edinburgh agents, Messrs. The Rossleigh Motor Company, of 32, Shandwick Place,



CELEBRATING NELSON: A NAVAL DISPLAY AT THE ADMIRAL'S BIRTHPLACE.

At Burnham Thorpe Rectory, the birthplace of Lord Nelson, a naval display was given by the boys of the Watts Naval School, North Elmham, Norfolk. The present Lord Nelson, the Admiral's great-nephew, presided at the proceedings.

one of their 12-14 four-cylinder side-entrance cars to Sir Thomas Lipton. This car is fitted with an engine having cylinders 84 millimètres diameter by 110 millimètres stroke, and running at 1100 revolutions.

and an earnest appeal is made for further help. The Society makes grants of £50 a year to curates who have been more than fifteen years in holy orders. That such assistance is badly needed may be gathered

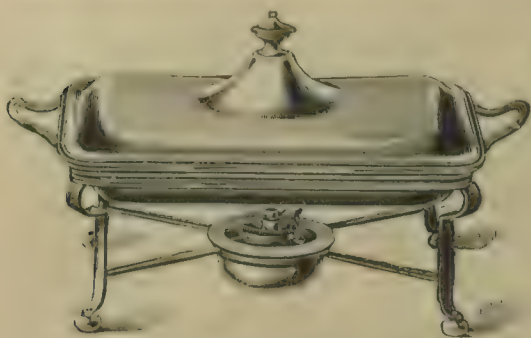
ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Warre's closing sermon as Headmaster of Eton was universally admired for its depth of feeling and singular charm of expression. In the congregation which heard him were Lord Rosebery, Lord Roberts, the Bishops of Oxford and Lincoln, and Mr. W. H. Grenfell, M.P.

Dr. Joscelyne, the new Assistant-Bishop of Jamaica, is only forty years of age, and has had considerable experience. He began his ministerial career as curate to the Bishop of Islington, and was for eight years Rector of St. George's, Millom. Two years ago, he returned to London as Vicar of St. Peter's, Islington.

Tooting Graveney will have one of the finest places of worship in South-West London when 'All Saints' Church is completed, and meanwhile the handsome Bruce Hall is to be used for Divine service. The Vicar of the new parish is the Rev. J. O. Stephens. It is expected that in a few years' time the parishioners will number 16,000, a population entirely composed of workers. All Saints' Church will hold 1000 persons, and the total cost of the parish buildings amounts to about £50,000. Upwards of £100,000 was left by Lady Charles Bruce to create a parish in the county of London in memory of her husband, Lord Charles William Bruce, and the Tooting Graveney site was very happily chosen.

The Curates' Augmentation Fund showed a deficiency of £60,000 upon the annual income required, and an earnest appeal is made for further help. The Society makes grants of £50 a year to curates who have been more than fifteen years in holy orders. That such assistance is badly needed may be gathered



Oblong Breakfast Dish, 27 in. long, with loose inner dish. Prince's Plate, £5 10s.; Sterling Silver, £15 5s.



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Prince's Plate Revolving Soup Tureen, Fluted. 9 in., £5 10s.; 10 in., £6; 11 in., £7.

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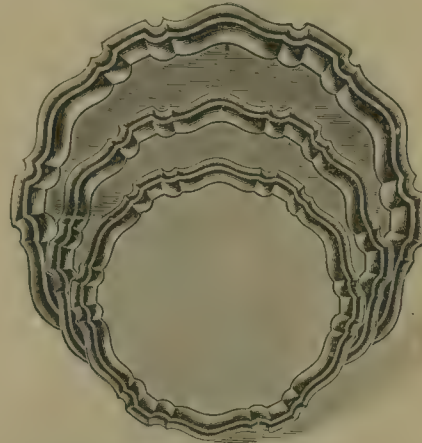
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Sterling Silver, massive, fluted; Centre, 11 in. diameter, 8 in. high, £24. Dessert Dish, 8 in. diameter, 5 1/2 in. high, £13 15s. each.



Prince's Plate Heating Stand, with Aluminium Top. One Lamp. 15 1/2 in. by 11 1/2 in., £5 15s.



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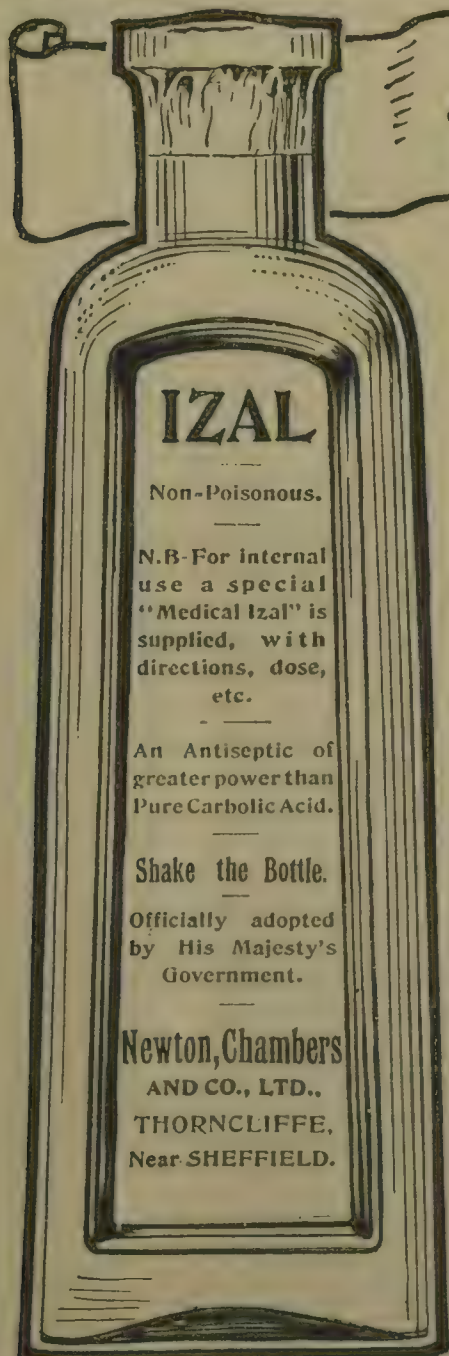
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To know the real importance of properly disinfecting your home you must read "The IZAL Rules of Health," by Dr. Andrew Wilson. A copy will be sent to you free by NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., LTD., Thorncliffe, near Sheffield. [Dept. 32.]

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from the fact that the average stipend of a curate is £130 per annum, decreasing to £110 after twenty-five years' work. Out of the 1400 curates who have claims upon the Fund, only 200 could be assisted last year, as the income was but £10,000 instead of £70,000. The Fund has the warm approval of the Archbishops and Bishops.

The Right Rev. W. A. Holbech, Bishop of St. Helena, has arrived at the island in the *Dover Castle*, and had a cordial reception from the people.

Prebendary Webb-Peploe was one of the passengers for New York by the *Lucania* on the last Saturday of July.

Lord Windsor has promised to lay the foundation-stone on Aug. 16 of the Seamen's Church and Institute at Barry Docks, South Wales.

Dr. Springett, Vicar of Brixton, is acting as English chaplain at Cortina during August.

The question of upkeep is a bogey which enters largely into the minds of prospective purchasers of motor-cars, and in this category tyres play an important part. That this prevailing idea of expense is not borne out by facts has been repeatedly illustrated by the



THE SAVING OF BARRINGTON COURT: A PROTÉGÉ OF THE NATIONAL TRUST FOR PLACES OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty is endeavouring to preserve Barrington Court, one of the finest houses in Somerset. The place has been dismantled for the last eighty years, but the beauty of its exterior makes it worth while preserving, and the society appeals for £1500 to save it from falling into utter ruin. The house dates from about the middle of the sixteenth century. It was built by the Danboreys, Earls of Bridgewater, and was held successively by the Duke of Suffolk, the Crown, the Cliftons, the Phelps, and the Strodes, one of whom entertained Monmouth there.

performances of cars of well-known makes, to which have been fitted Dunlop tyres, in the various reliability trials. The latest instance of this was apparent at the recent Brighton race meeting, when no fewer than twelve first prizes were secured by the aid of these tyres. As further proof of the supremacy of this British-made tyre, it is also interesting to note that no other pneumatic secured more than six wins.

Probably what are the cheapest travel-tickets of the world are the Belgian season tickets, available upon the whole of the State railways, which cover over 2530 miles. The tickets are arranged for periods of five and fifteen days, the fare for the third-class ticket for five days being 9s. 2d., or fifteen days 18s. 5d. Equally low fares are in force for second and first class. Hitherto these tickets have only been procurable in Belgium, but the authorities of the Belgian State railways have now placed Messrs. Dean and Dawson, the tourist agents, of 82, Strand, in a position to issue these season tickets on demand, and thus tourists who intend to take advantage of the cheap fares will be able to avoid going through formalities at a foreign railway-station.

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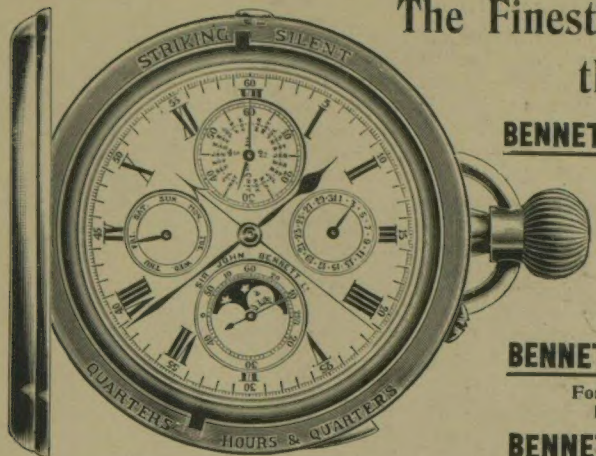
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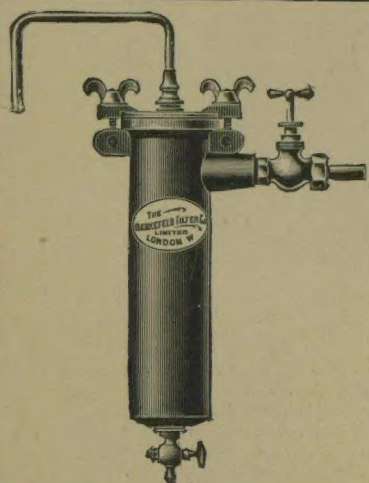
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In conformity with the request of the Berkefeld Filter Company, I have had the powers of their Filters tested by an experienced chemical expert, in order to determine if lead contained in water could be removed by their Filters. On submitting a drinking water containing lead to the action of the "Berkefeld" Filter, this lead was found to be removed. If lead exists in a state of *true* solution no Filter will remove it from water, but if such water be treated first with chalk (to remove acidity) the "Berkefeld" Filter will yield lead-free water. As lead is ordinarily represented in many waters, it will be removed by these Filters; where lead is present in a certain form—lead nitrate, for example—the Filter will not remove the impurity, but it will do so if the water is first treated with chalk. How much lead a water may contain depends on the character of the water, and also on the length of time it has lain in contact with, say, a leaden pipe.

At the least it is important and interesting to note that, from certain waters, without chalk treatment, lead is undoubtedly removed by the "Berkefeld" Filters.

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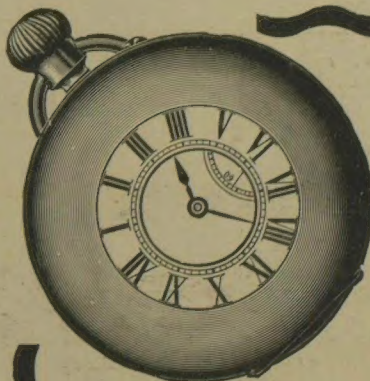
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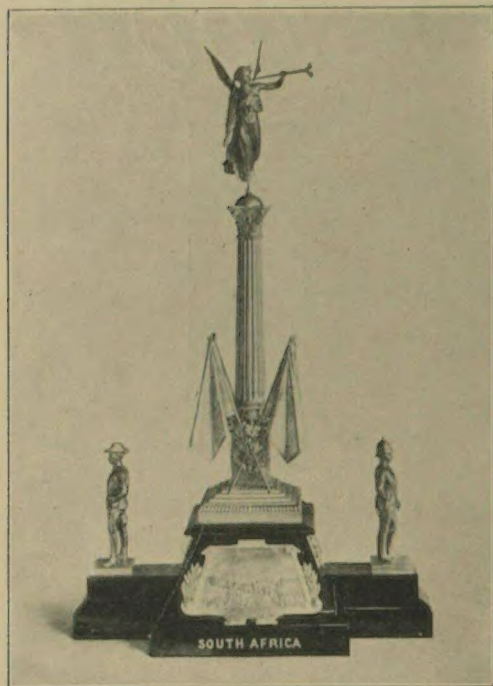
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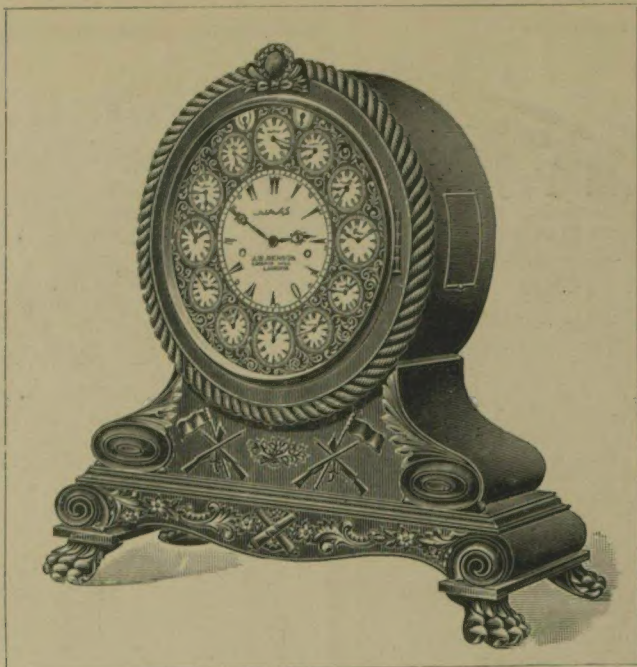
WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 30, 1902) of MR. JOSEPH CROWTHER, of Woodley, Huddersfield, who died on June 11, was proved on July 31 by David Stoner Crowther, the son, and Arthur Robinson, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £274,842. The testator gives £500 per annum to his daughter Florence Maude; £400, £600 per annum, and during her widowhood an additional £500 per annum



A SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIAL.

The centrepiece presented to the 3rd Battalion Welsh Regiment by the past and present officers of the battalion, to commemorate the South African campaign, takes the form of a solid silver Corinthian column, having the regimental and King's colours draped at the base, and a beautifully modelled figure of Victory at the top. The design was carried out by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, London, W.



A "MULTIPLEX" CLOCK.

A noteworthy clock has just been made by Messrs. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, for the palace of an Eastern potentate. It has thirteen dials, showing the time in as many different cities, viz., London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Washington, Yokohama, Peking, Bombay, Samarkand, and Teheran. The figures are in native characters, including the names of the various cities, and each dial is mounted in an ornate frame richly engraved.

while she resides at Woodley, to his wife; and £6500, in trust, for each of his sons, John Leonard, Joseph Hilton, Charles Frederick, and Edgar. The residue of his property he leaves to his son David Stoner.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1903), with two codicils, of MR. JAMES HINDMARSH, of South Grange, Ryton Lane Head, Durham, estate agent, who died on June 24, was proved on July 29 by Benjamin Noble, Frederick Walter Dendy, and William Gibson, the value of the estate being £138,116. The testator gives £100 each to the Infirmary, Newcastle, the Boys' Refuge, Newcastle, the Friends' Foreign Missions, and the Friends' Sabbath School; £50 for distribution among the poor

of Ryton; £12,000 to his nephew, James Hindmarsh; £1000, in trust, for his niece, Ann Ward; £500 to Mary Anne Fletcher; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews Ralph and Thomas Hindmarsh.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1892), with a codicil, of MR. THOMAS BAMFORD LORD, of Yorkshire Street, Rochdale, who died on June 12, has been proved by Frederick James Lord, Thomas Bamford Lord, and the



AN INDIAN HOCKEY TROPHY.

The Punjab Native Army Tournament Trophy has been won this year by the team of the 4th Sikhs, and to commemorate the event the officers have presented the regimental mess with a solid silver statue of a Sikh hockey-player, which has been ably carried out by the Association of Diamond Merchants, Limited, Trafalgar Square, London. The statue had to be modelled in wax from photographs only, and has given great satisfaction.

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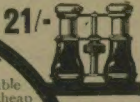
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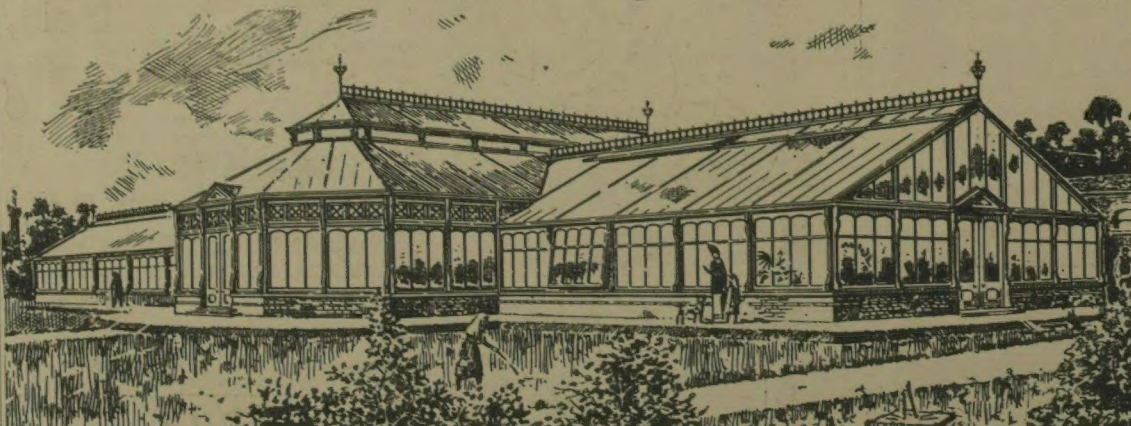


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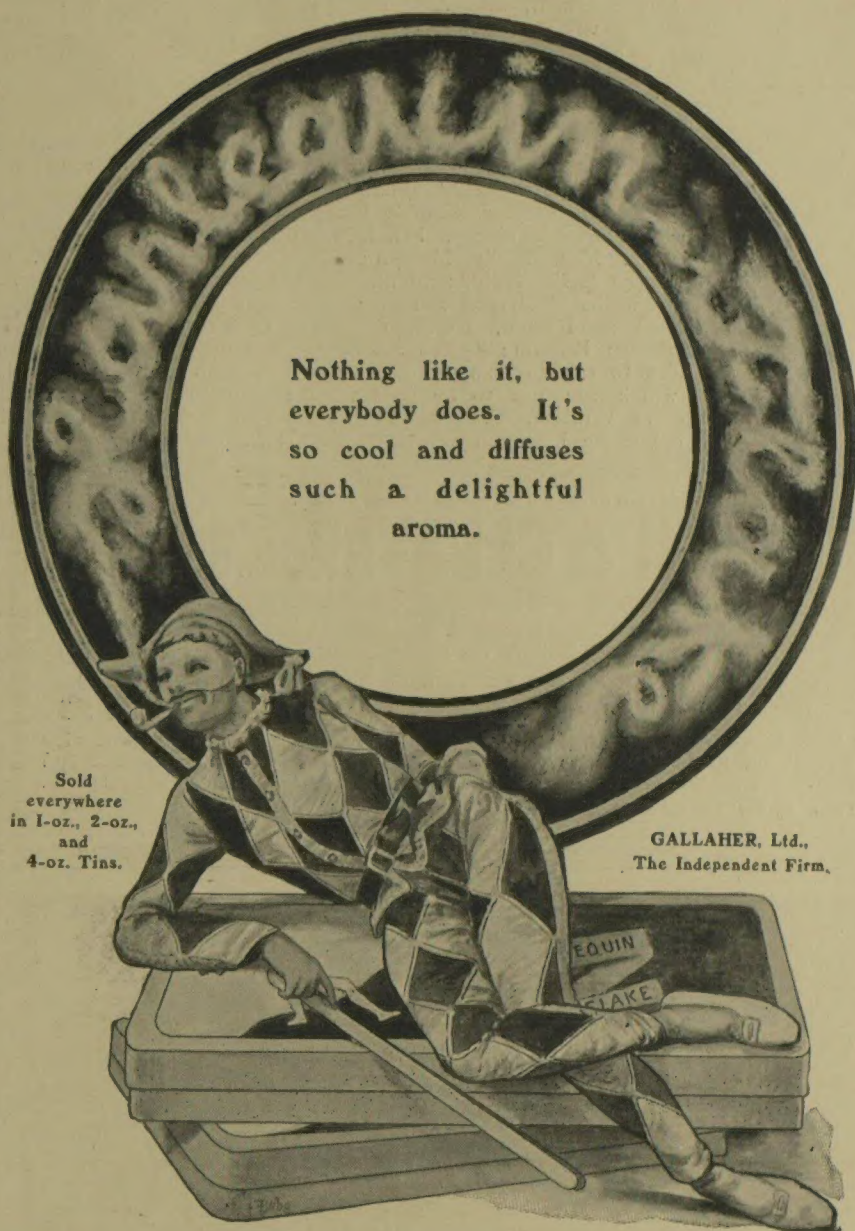
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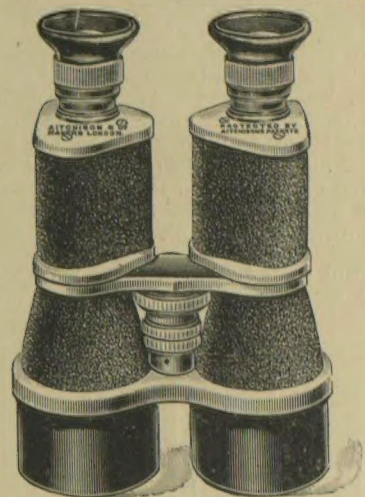
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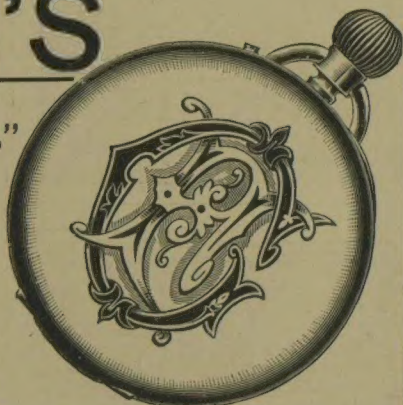
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Rev. Percy Edward Lord, the sons, the value of the estate being sworn at £125,712. The testator gives the household effects to his daughters, Sarah Elizabeth, Annie, and Margaret Anderson; £100 each to his grandchildren; and the residue of his property to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1898) of MR. HENRY HEAD, of Buckingham, Old Shoreham, Chairman of Henry Head and Co., Limited, 27, Cornhill, who died on July 1, was proved on July 19 by Christopher Head, the son, and Ernest Beck, the value of the estate being £124,353. The testator gives £100 to his granddaughter, Rachel Head; £100 to Ernest Beck; £100 each to numerous godchildren; the income from £500 shares in Head and Company to his butler, Edward Pratt, and his wife; and £1500, the household furniture, horses and carriages, and the income from his residuary estate to his wife for life. Subject thereto, his property is to be divided among his children.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1903), with a codicil (dated Sept. 7, 1904), of MR. JOHN EARLE WELBY, J.P., of

Allington Hall, Lincolnshire, who died on May 8 at Malvern, was proved on July 2 by Sir George Edward Dallas, Bart., and Mr. John Wigram, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £117,267. The testator bequeaths £100 each to Grantham Hospital and the Newark Hospital and Dispensary; his wines, horses and carriages, farming stock, and certain jewellery to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Mary Welby; his plate, pictures, books, furniture, and effects to his wife for life, and then to go as heirlooms with the Allington estate; £5000, upon trust, for his brother, George Earle Welby, for life, and then for his nieces, Felicia, Lady Dallas, and the Hon. Mrs. Emily Mostyn; £5000 to his nephew, George Earle Welby; an annuity of £200 to Charles Cornwallis Anderson Pelham; his farm and hereditaments at Easton, Huntingdonshire, to Cecil Henry Anderson Pelham; £500 each to his executors, and legacies to other of his relatives and to servants, some of which are not to be paid until the death of his brother William. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for

life, and then settles the same upon his nephew, George Earle Welby.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1905) of MISS ELLEN PRISCILLA BRADLEY, of Copthorne Meads, Eastbourne, who died on July 3, was proved on July 25 by William Henry Bradley, the nephew, and Robert Leonard, the executors, the value of the estate being £57,518. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation; £1000 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Church of England Homes for Waifs and Strays, and Guy's Hospital; £500 to the Additional Curates' Aid Society; £200 to St. Mary's Hospital or Home, Queen's Square, Brighton; £100 to Princess Alice's Hospital, Eastbourne; £9000 and the capital of a fund set apart to meet an annuity for an old servant to the said William Henry Bradley; £8000, upon trust, for her niece, Mary Henrietta Stabile; £10,000 to her nephew, John Bradley; £4000 for her god-daughter Ellen Dorothea Boodle; and many other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to her said nephew, William Henry Bradley.

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